BRITISH MUSEUM

For meaning of this Number see Page ii. of Cover.

JOHN BULL

Vol. VIII. No. 207 | SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1910. | ONE PENNY.

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No. 326349

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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(Signed) ARTHUR STOTT.

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The following claims have been received for the issues of March 12th and April 9th:—

D. L. CAPLANE, 356, Coventry Road, Small Heath, Birmingham. (No. 7,382.—March 12th.)

G. H. GOODRICH, 33, Woodlands Park Road, West Green Road, N. (No. 235,677.—April 9th.)

R. JAMES, 65, Kimpton Road, Church Street, Camberwell Green, S.E. (No. 76,622.—April 9th.)

G. PENNELL, 47, Acre Road, Merton, S.W. (No. 222,355.—April 9th.)

G. W. WALDY, 4, Stockbridge Road, Chichester. (No. 308,416.—April 9th.)

WILLIAM SMITH, 7, Denyer Street, Draycott Avenue, Chelsea, S.W. (No. 99,763.—April 9th.)

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of April 23: —

3396	122043	172290	200883	307833
7084	145129	174783	209689	322904
7792	149236	177772	224105	329421
17899	153381	178970	235678	337906
46559	158131	179871	240553	343594
66610	158617	185961	244667	345470
70963	158906	188423	250104	350600
71831	164475	191210	251096	356132
80469	168557	196642	258647	360250
86255	171794	198679	260746	371802

INITIAL NOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED JUNE 18TH (PUBLISHED JUNE 16TH).

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant :
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Mr. Asquith is beyond all question our greatest Parliamentarian. He has assimilated all the spirit and the style of the Old Masters. And he is very human. Which the public do not realise. Because, like all strong men, he always holds himself in ; and that makes his emotional periods the more dramatic. Tears may be the vanity of grief, but in a strong man they are the pearls of his soul—and are never wasted. The death of King Edward was an occasion to demand their sacrifice—and they were freely given.

Mr. Asquith has later and more intimate memories of the dead King than most of those who heard his speech. It was these which melted the iron in him. "No man in our time," he faltered, "has been more justly beloved by his family and friends, no ruler in any time has been more sincerely true, more unswervingly loyal, more uniformly kind to his advisers and servants." And of what man, be he king or citizen, could more be said ? Mr. Asquith has written King Edward's epitaph on the people's heart.

We confidently predict that the new King will break the tradition associated with the Georges, none of whom was ever popular, and one or two of whom were widely disliked. Our readers will doubtless remember the old lines :—

George the First was always reckoned
Vile—but viler George the Second ;
And what mortal ever heard
Any good of George the Third ?
When from the earth the Fourth descended
Lord be praised, the Georges ended.

Now the Fifth has arrived, it will be another story.

We do not much mind what is said about the John Bull League so long as it is publicly discussed, and thus kept well to the front. Besides, it is a good thing that we should sometimes have the conceit taken out of us. Consequently we have read, without anger, a letter signed "D. S.," addressed to the *Northern Echo*, from which we cull the following choice passages. "D. S.," apropos our Newcastle meeting, says that our speech "was one mass of contradictions, anomalies, and absurdities," and that if what we said was "a sample of business men and business methods" he wishes to be preserved from them. We do not know who "D. S." is, and we shall certainly *not* adopt the suggestion of a correspondent that the initials stand for "Dirty Skunk," nor will we attribute the extravagance of his language to Doubtful Sobriety.

And yet another correspondent, a Mr. Thos. Stenhouse, writing to the *Newcastle Daily Journal*, takes us in hand, this time for our impeachment of foreign missions. He says it is a mere trifle of two millions a year which goes to foreign missions, and suggests that "until the amount given to missions approaches more nearly the amount spent on drink" we had better "cease from the cant of attributing the hunger of an English child to the sums spent on foreign missions." We cannot, however, cease what we have never done. Without enquiring into the causes of the children's hunger, we have ventured to say—and we venture to repeat—that we fail to find any true religion in sending two millions abroad for the conversion of the heathen whilst there is one hungry little child at home—to say nothing of the crime and vice which abound on every hand.

An observation which fell incidentally from Mr. Hooley in the course of a recent case in the Courts is not without its significance. "If you sell a man five thousand shares," said the once-great financier, "and they go wrong, he tries to put you in gaol ; if they go right, you never see him again." It would be interesting, and perhaps illuminating, to have a list of those who owe much of their prosperity to successful deals with the discredited promoter. Perhaps, one of these days, Mr. Hooley may oblige.

Woe upon woe. Several speakers at a Conference of the Congregational Union of Scotland have been tearing their hair and beating their breasts because, among other things, "young fellows, members of Bible classes and church choirs, were actually dealing in rubber shares." If they inquire more closely they will probably find that several deacons and elder members of the congregation have had a flutter also. What is worse, some of the profits have possibly gone into the collection bags.

Apropos what we said about the Pitsligo dog case, an Aberdeen man sends us a nut to crack. He puts it that cows need watching in summer, and under the new Act the farmer therefore does not pay a dog licence. In winter, however, the cows are in shelter and the farmer's dog has nothing to do. So it is chained up. Chained or free, it invariably howls when it hears the footsteps of a stranger, and thus, according to the Aberdeen police, the dog which is free from licence in summer because it watches the cows, becomes liable to licence in winter because it watches the house. "Now," asks our Aberdonian, "what is the farmer to do? Send his dog to the Dogs' Home in winter, or pay up seven-and-six?" He himself answers the question. Rather than pay an agent ten shillings—the Scotch agent must be a lot cheaper than the English solicitor if this is the price, by the way—to argue the case with the Deputy Chief Constable in court, he pays his seven-and-six, "forgetting that if he once pays he must always pay. Next year the money for licences is going to Old Age Pensions, so they are working up the business for all it is worth. Are you hearing what is going on in English counties?" No; not about dogs. But if the English farmer is paying a winter licence for a summer dog he certainly has our sympathy.

A licence for a dog is one thing and a licence for a man another. When a man who was "in a weak state of health," "had no money," and "had to earn his bread somehow," was summoned before the Belfast magistrates the other day for peddling without a licence they subscribed among them the price of it, "with something over." The man "silently pocketed the money," says the reporter, "while two big tears of grateful thanks trickled down his sunken cheeks." The spectacle of that reporter industriously counting the tears is a little too much for our imagination; but for their small act of sympathetic thoughtfulness these magistrates have our salutations.

On May 2nd the Rev. James King, B.D., of Abbey Villa, Jedburgh, arose at half-past two o'clock in the morning and "found the night calm and clear." As he stood in the Market Place "the burgh was hushed in deep repose, and not a sound was heard save the ticking of the town clock"; which must have had a pretty loud tick at the time, by the way. Halley's comet had been announced to rise at 3 a.m., and the parson stood in front of the jail door in order to get a commanding view of the eastern sky with a field glass. He traced a straight line from the Pole star through Chaf, Alpheratz, and Algineb, but as the brightening East was already absorbing the light of the stars under the third magnitude, he failed to see the comet, so he went from the door of the jail to the highest part of the cemetery, but didn't see it from there either! By this time "the glowing East proclaimed the speedy advent of the coming day," and though disappointed, he tells the *Jedburgh Gazette* he feels "morally certain that only through an equatorial telescope can Halley's comet be seen as a morning star." Now if any Jedburgh person gets up at half-past-two in the morning to watch the comet arise at three o'clock he knows what to expect. He will be afflicted with poetry from the jail to the cemetery.

Congratulations to *Truth* (the "Sixpenny John Bull") on its recent victory in the Courts, and condolences to the *Star*. Mr. Simon, K.C., has certainly been having a bad time lately. "F. E.," on the other hand, has been carrying everything before him.

According to a Liverpool paper, the ten-years-old daughter of the gardener of a "Welsh friend" was found crying the other day, and on being asked what was the matter, she replied she was afraid they were going to make Lloyd George king. We should have thought the Lloyd George joke was a little out of date.

We have not the smallest sympathy with those wild and whirling denunciations of the people's amusements with which so many puritans of the pulpit and the pew endeavour to keep the fire of unco-guidness burning. But this may be said. On the part of some artists of the music halls there is an effort to force and emphasise their humour by unnecessary vulgarisms. Beyond all question the tone of the halls has immensely improved during the last few years. The refining process, however, is not yet complete. The suggestiveness of stage action is happily eliminated. But there are comedians—and comediennes—who manipulate words to the same end. A sub-editor with a blue pencil could immensely improve many of the songs and jokes. The defect of the qualities of British music-hall comedians is that in too many instances they fail to realise the utterly unessential. Apparently their only method of avoiding Grosvenor Square is to remain in Whitechapel. If the managers would put their heads together we should soon see an end to the use of words and phrases as to which complaint may reasonably be made even by those who have not joined the Puritan Brigade.

Here we are reminded of an angry but terribly holy person who "says we are always attacking puritans, but have never yet defined one." This is the gentleman for our book. We always suspect intelligence in a controversialist who boldly demands that his opponent shall define his terms. So here goes. A puritan is a good man who is never happy except when he is miserable. In the days when there were more of him, this country may have been very, very good, but certainly it must have been very, very dull. Kissing on the Sabbath was strictly prohibited. Smiling was sternly suppressed. The justices on one occasion fined Jonathan and Susannah Smith five shillings and costs "for smiling on the Lord's Day during service." On another occasion—in New England—John Lewis and Sarah Chapman, two lovers, were put on trial for "sitting together on the Lord's Day under an apple tree." We can all kiss, and smile, and sit under apple trees on Sundays now, but it won't be allowable presently, unless we take care, for the puritans will get a statute passed that everybody who doesn't go to church on Sunday must attend a funeral.

Not everybody can be joyful, even in the rubber market. To the general meeting of the shareholders of the Christineville Rubber Estate Company the resident manager has reported that all the rubber trees which had been pictured as ready for tapping had either perished peacefully in the green or suffered a violent death in the flames. For their comfort, however, he suggested that peradventure they might lay up treasure by the cultivation of ginger. We don't know that manager, but he seems hot stuff.

Funny that, after all the talk of lordly intimidation at the late election, the only two petitions presented should have been against Liberal M.P.'s! The political world is full of irony.

One of those foolish persons who leave England and wander about distressingly uncomfortable in islands and places under the impression that they are enjoying themselves, has been to New Guinea and come back with some rare old fairy tales about the marriage customs of the place. According to this ingenious scribe, it is the ladies who propose, the method of proposal being that the New Guinea girl sends to the youth of her selection a piece of string—*via* the man's sister or other female relative. Then the man goes and has a look at the forward young lady, and cries on or cries off, as the case may be. If he cries on, they chalk his back with charcoal; and they cut a notch in her. Even so, engagements do not always mean marriage, although breach of promise actions are a luxury yet awaiting introduction to New Guinea.

Necessity is the mother of invention, and we do not fear that the cry of the Prohibition States of America to the scientists of the world will go unheeded. Put into brief terms, that cry is for an odourless whisky. In point of fact, a New York distiller believes that he has produced a whisky that vanishes without leaving a trace of smell behind it. We trust that the distiller is right in his belief. It is significant of the effectiveness of prohibition in destroying the desire for alcoholic refreshment that "inquiries have reached the inventor from every State in which the liquor traffic is prohibited for more complete information." Some day, of course, an ingenious temperance reformer will arise in America, who will sell cold gin under the name of Rechabite Tonic or Good Templar Nectar or Blue Ribbon Syrup, and make a fortune. We marvel that it has not been done before. The beverage need not be more heady than the average bottle of ginger-beer.

We have a long-standing prejudice against ginger-beer. Of all the windy, unsatisfying imitations of a drink beloved by teetotalers, it is the most depressing and objectionable. It is a base libel on malt liquor that this illegitimate liquid, full of sound and fury signifying nothing, should be allowed to sail under the title of beer at all, even with its alarming prefix. Some time ago, however, it was proved that certain kinds are more intoxicating than Transvaal brandy. Now it has been proved that other kinds may be poisonous. Recently, at Tooting, a man asked for some ginger-beer, and he was served with a brew which smelt like it, tasted like it, looked like it, but was really a fluid containing 1·54 grains of lead to the gallon. No sane man of course, would drink a gallon of ginger-beer right off; but there are others. There are Sons of Temperance, Blue Ribbonites, and such. They must be protected against themselves—and lead-piping in solution.

Some time ago we drew attention to the annual epidemic of child poisoning by hedgerow and garden berries and the need that children should be taught how to distinguish wholesome wild fruits from noxious growths. Since then many more deaths have occurred, and a good deal of attention has been given to the subject in the Press, various journals supporting our demand for pictorial teaching on the subject in the elementary schools. A correspondent informs us that only the supineness of the educational authorities stands in the way of a simple remedy for the appalling ignorance shown concerning the vegetable life of their own country by youngsters crammed to bursting with the useless lore of Ormuz and of Ind. Our suggestion for simple coloured diagrams, it seems, was anticipated some years ago; and the cost, we take it, of the "chart" is only a shilling or two. A Wigan teacher supplements this chart with specimens of poisonous plants found locally, which he exhibits in labelled bottles in the school. Evidently there are some teachers who are wiser than the pedants and lawyers who administer our national system of so-called education.

Professors are, perhaps, the chief unconscious humorists. It is, however, a novelty for one of them to deal with the subject of humour in an intelligent way. Mr. Archibald has been discussing the question quite amusingly. He says that a "rag" at Oxford or Cambridge is the struggle to mature the faculty of humour. We wonder if he would have regarded it in quite so comical a light if, on visiting one of the Universities, he had had his furniture thrown out of the window, if his door had been screwed up, and he himself had been subjected to the other amenities for which light-hearted undergraduates are notorious. We venture to suggest for his consideration that the quality of humour depends largely upon the point of view, and that, in encouraging the wilder instincts of the young, he is really goading them on to a recrudescence of savagery. Apparently, he would consider Paris Apaches to be conscious exponents of what may be, perhaps, denominated as the "New Humour." Then he deliberately asserts that "no man can hope to reach Parliament without humour." The few witty people who have got on as statesmen have done so in spite of, rather than through the possession of, this peculiar gift. Look at all the Kill-joys and frowsy fanatics to whom a jest is almost the equivalent of a crime. These are the masters of modern politics. It is, however, a great fact that anybody should have been found in these dismal days to defend the lost cause of humour. So we will not be more angry with Mr. Archibald than we can possibly help.

Once admit that loafing is a disease, and you will have people wrapping up microbes in chocolate to cure it, just as some wiseacre is attempting to do for the discouragement of old age. We confess that modern medicine men do not convince us much more than ancient humbugs about the possibility of discovering the Elixir of Life. Nor are we enamoured with the idea of imparting to our system whole colonies of cheese-mites to wage war within us against malevolent parasites. Our own idea is that old age may be abolished by prescribing microbes in a vesture of chocolate, but only if the microbes are of such a character that they may be relied upon to induce sudden death.

Is it not about time that the United States removed the ordeal of the "third degree" from the criminal code? The magisterial examination in France is torture, but is at least torture with judicial responsibility. Judging by what has appeared in some of the morning papers, the Yankee "third degree" is torture of a similar sort, but is conducted at the mere whim of the police. A young German was lying in the Tombs Prison in New York charged with the murder of a girl typist and suspected of ruining and murdering several other girls. Whether he was guilty or otherwise was not then known. But as a matter of mere juridical humanity, one does not like to read of a prisoner in the custody of the New York police being "awakened every hour in the night and confronted with alleged proofs of his crime," in the hope of trapping him, bullying him, or frightening him into a confession. This youth, Wolter, appears to have had to stand thirty-six hours of the third degree as conducted by the New York police—thirty-six hours of questioning with the view of extracting out of him the evidence by means of which they hoped to secure his conviction! It is a system utterly discreditable to an English-speaking people. While America has this Inquisition, only a step will be wanting to the thumb-screw and the rack.

Joseph Chater has been sentenced to six years' penal servitude for stealing a fowl. The police described him as a dangerous criminal. If he has been getting doses like this since he started, we don't wonder. Besides, he shouldn't steal fowls.

A little straw pointing its moral. About a year ago a German officer, Lieut. Bartunek, was sentenced to 6 months' imprisonment in Switzerland for killing an Englishman named Mulder, in 1908, at Davos. Following closely upon his release, we read that Bartunek has been promoted to the rank of captain in the 72nd Regiment of Infantry.

A correspondent sends us a copy of the *St. James'* (Hampstead) *Parish Magazine* for the present month, and points out that in parallel columns are announcements (1) That Private Edward Shine has been dismissed from the Church Lads' Brigade "for bad behaviour," and that Private Tustain has also been dismissed, and (2) that Percy Tustain and Edward Shine have "won prizes for Catechism." Something wrong somewhere with either the boys or the Catechism!

We do not profess to know much Scots law, but surely there was something strangely awry in the conduct of that Dumfries Coffee House licensing case the other day. The burgh magistrates had refused to renew the licence. The reasons do not concern us for the moment. What does concern us is the fact that three of the burgh magistrates who took away the licence also sat on the bench and adjudicated on the case in the Licensing Appeal Court. Not only so; but "I consider," said the Chairman, "that the members of this court who also sat in the lower court would be taking a very crooked course indeed if they acted in any other way than they did at the licensing court. That is my opinion as chairman of this court." Think of being convicted of something or other by Mr. Justice Darling and having your appeal heard by—Mr. Justice Darling. But Scots law is Scots law. If it satisfies Scotsmen, we suppose we have no right to complain.

The difference of opinion between the Army Council and the National Rifle Association as to the proper method of musketry training for the British soldier would be laughable if it were not so serious. Led rather madly forward by a Commandant of the Hythe School of Musketry, who has now retired, the Army Council pronounced the doom of "bull's-eye" shooting, save in the case of recruits. But the N.R.A. would have none of it, a palpable reason being that all their costly paraphernalia at Bisley would have to be thrown on the dust-heap if "bull's-eye" shooting were abolished. And so far they have had their way, with the result that to-day two component parts of the same Army are being trained to shoot under different conditions, and, it may be added, with different weapons. The Regular has the short rifle and disappearing targets, the Territorial the long rifle and Bisley fixed targets. This is War Office management all over, and perhaps some Member of Parliament will find time to call attention to the Government assistance which the N.R.A. gets every year for maintaining a system of instruction which the Government have condemned. Recently, Lord Cheylesmore, for the N.R.A., announced some sort of compromise in the matter, but really it is far too serious for compromises.

We note that the death of Sir Edmund Verney has led the *Westminster Gazette* to repeat the old story about the present Verneys of Claydon being descended from Sir Ralph Verney, who got the property in 1465 from Edward IV. The Verneys of to-day only took the name on succeeding by bequest to the estates, and neither have, nor profess to have, any blood descent. The family of Calvert, to which they belong, began with a village tallow-chandler, at the time of the Civil War, whose fortune was founded by his son, a brewer in Cripplegate.

Of course, it was not only Free Church ministers who distinguished themselves during the late election. For instance, there was the Rev. W. Bankes Williams, Vicar of Acton, in the Sunbury Division. This good man sent out a circular to the village electors hoping that they "would refuse to support a party which is allied to another party whose leader makes these confessions of doctrine: (1) I deny the existence of a Heavenly Father; (2) I strongly believe that Jesus Christ never existed at all; (3) I do not believe there is any heaven, and I scorn the idea of hell." We do not know what leader of a party has expressed himself in this way, but, assuming the rev. gentleman means that the Liberals are allied with the Labourites, and in that case assuring him that both of them deny being allied with each other, we may say the leader of the Labourites is Mr. Arthur Henderson, a Wesleyan preacher of great piety. If the rev. gentleman is pointing at Mr. Blatchford, that gentleman is in fact "allied" with the Tory party, and probably won a few seats for them. We know what they call the *suggestio falsi* in Whitechapel. Will our rev. friend tell us what they call it in the religious circles in which he moves?

Although there is much to be said for the Malthusian doctrine as a measure of thrift in the individual, there is very little in the scares manufactured from time to time as to the growth of population overtaking the resources of food-supply. True, the land area of the earth is limited, but this does not mean that the limit of fertility is in danger of being reached. We have never re-echoed the humbug about Canada as "the granary of the Empire," because the reliability of half the potential corn lands of Canada is questionable. But we have refused on the other hand to be horrified by the thought of a day when the nitrate deposits of the world will be exhausted, because already science has tapped the atmosphere, and is utilising the furnace to guard against a scarcity of nitrogenous manures. When we have no more stable waste for our fields, we may begin to use economically our street rubbish and sewage, worth hundreds of thousands per annum, as we ought to use it, and could use it, given cheap canal transport to our hungry acres. The Chinese Empire has been maintained for hundreds of years literally on its carefully utilised sewage. A Bradford doctor, by the way, has discovered that millions of pounds' worth of soap that can be recovered cheaply are annually wasted with our sewage; and Professor Bottomley and others associated with the nitro-bacterine researches have developed their experiments from leguminous plants—those bearing pods—to such widely different forms of plant life as hyacinths, parsnips and grain. On a plot of land sown with this last, the crop was increased by over 13 per cent., at practically no cost, by means of seed inoculation. When the Yellow scientists try to frighten us with talk of the coming famine, let us reply, with the true scientists, "pseudomonas" and likewise "azotobacter." These are the microbic gentlemen by whose aid, one day, England may feed herself again, and do it very well.

Our attention has been directed to the following advertisement in a recent issue of the *Daily Telegraph*:—

> A BUSINESS MAN, who has worked hard for 30 years, and invested all his earnings in freehold property, wishes to meet a Liberal, who has confidence in his leaders and the future prosperity of this country, to take the same off his hands by valuation, and so allow the present owner to leave the country with his family.

We do not quite gather whether the valuation of the property is to be made upon a special basis in view of the politics of the proposed purchaser, but as advocates of a Business Government, we cannot be a party to a scheme for getting "a business man" out of the country—otherwise we would tender for the land ourselves,

The York Council of Evangelical Free Churches are in the advertising line again. This time they call upon the Dean of York to assist them in the abolition of Military Sunday and "the customs that have gathered round the observance of this day, which are contrary to the spirit and the right observance of the Sabbath," suggesting that "this military service should be held on a week day on this account." The Dean's retort is respectful, but crushing. In the course of it, he says that, however the service may be abused by some, "it contributes to the solemn worship of God and the edification of a large number of His people." We suppose that if the regiment were led to a Sunday service in one of the Nonconformist chapels things would have been different. As it is, it looks like a case of ecclesiastical jealousy.

In a recent issue of the *Daily Mail* we read that amongst those who went on board the Royal Yacht *Victoria and Albert* to receive Queen Alexandra was the "British Consul" at Venice—Mr. de Zuccato! Oh, for that Business Government!

The announcement made last week of our intention to form a "John Bull Coal Club," giving our readers the opportunity of obtaining regular supplies, fresh wrought from the colliery, of the best quality, all the year round, at one *uniform wholesale* price, has aroused widespread interest. We shall publish full particulars next week.

THE WEEK'S "CHESTNUT":—

A man working on a public building recently fell from the scaffolding, and ultimately reaching the ground, was given up as dead, when two of his fellow-workmen arrived upon the scene, and on one of them asking his mate to fetch a glass of water, he opened his eyes and observed, "Haven't I fallen far enough for a drop of brandy?"

THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE HAS ITS EYE ON—

THE "SWELL" WHOSE CLOTHES ARE MADE BY SWEATED LABOUR.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

NOTICE.—No biscuits for mistakes made by newspapers in connection with the late King Edward.

WANTED ADVTS.—No biscuits for employers requiring "live" or "hand-sewn" men—the first adjective is a colloquialism, and the second a trade term. Nor do we give any to the respectable women who want washing, or to anyone suffering from "tears in his voice," or to compositors who confuse "deceased" with "accused."

EMPTY HOUSES, ETC.—Biscuits are also refused in respect of empty houses containing furniture, empty nests "disclosing" eggs, etc., etc.

For stating that "Germany is the proud possessor of the world's record for the transmission of post-cards. . . . During the course of one year, 14½ million single post-cards were delivered through the German posts, and 16 million post-cards with duplicates attached for answers. . . . The NEXT *competitor in the race for post-card supremacy is England, with 833 millions, then British India 400 millions, Austria 398 millions," etc.,*

THE PALL MALL GAZETTE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating, in its report of a wreck, "during the day efforts were made to land the CATTLE *on Samson Island, and about one hundred stewards, firemen, and cattlemen were safely got to St. Mary's,"*

LLOYD'S WEEKLY NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating, in its report of a fire at a shed, "the shed is close to the farm house . . . but UNFORTUNATELY *the wind tended to blow the flames away, and the fire burned itself out quickly,"*

THE MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the great charm of these fooleries is that the Pierrots KEEP THEIR TROUSERS ON,"

THE LIVERPOOL DAILY POST & MERCURY
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "less money is coming in (to the Exchequer) owing to the INCREASED *consumption of the beverage that cheers and occasionally inebriates,"*

THE SUNDAY CHRONICLE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating, under the heading of "How Paulhan Started":
"It (the aeroplane) kept the ground for some HUNDRED YEARS *or more, and then rose gracefully into the air,"*

THE MIDLAND DAILY TELEGRAPH (Coventry)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

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*For advertising a shirt as "*WORTH 10S. 9*d.—Special Price,* 18s. 11*d."*

MESSRS. DERRY & TOMS
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "Miss Lovibond was heartily thanked for her lecture, and a similar COMPLAINT *was accorded to the Chairman,"*

THE EVENING NEWS (Portsmouth)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising for a gardener "able to MILK *and clean* CARRIAGE,"

"108A, *BIRMINGHAM DAILY MAIL,"*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising in the "Daily Telegraph" for sale: "Free hold—four COTTAGES. *Producing £*10,000 *year,"*

"PENOTT, 3, HOMECROFT RD., SYDENHAM,"
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "he objected to a colleague trying to stab him in the back WHEN HE WAS NOT THERE,"

MR. COUNCILLOR MARTINDALE (of Bridlington)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

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*For heading a paragraph "*WAIHIS STILL RISE," *and stating in the body thereof "Waihis dropped still another eighth,"*

THE CITY EDITOR OF *THE DAILY MAIL*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

"NURSING HOMES," OR——? II.

A WIDESPREAD SYSTEM OF SOCIAL VICE AND INFAMY.

When we embarked upon this enquiry, we had no idea of the magnitude of the scandal which we were unearthing. It is now evident that under the titles of "Nursing Homes," "Homes of Rest," "Masssage Institutes," etc., there is in London a vast network of establishments catering for the gratification of the most depraved and abandoned forms of vice and infamy. Apart from "personal recommendation," most of these places rely upon specious advertisements—mainly in the Sunday papers—for plying their filthy trade.

Some Advertisements.

We hope next week to be able to give a selection of these announcements, and to throw a lurid light upon their inner significance. Here is a sample :—

> MASSAGE (Hand or Electric). By appointment only. At Home Sundays.

And here is another :—

> REST CURE. Cheerful surroundings. *Strictest Privacy.* Secluded spot.

And another :—

> HOME FOR YOUNG WOMEN. Every comfort. Girls from the country well placed.

And one more :—

> ELDERLY GENTLEMAN requires quiet resting home for stay during London season. Weekly visitor if arrangements satisfactory.

Aristocratic Degenerates.

We have appointed a Special Commissioner to sift this evil to its foundations, and the result of his enquiries, startling and in many ways revolting as they are, will be placed, in general terms, before our readers, and in detail before the authorities, in the hope that the police may be moved to action—*even though many well-known names* may find a place in the reports. For it is not the least amazing feature of the scandal that it discloses the existence of a veritable colony of aristocratic moral degenerates and perverts. We shall have no mercy on any of them.

"Homes" for Young Women.

The ramifications of the system are enormous. In one London suburb there is even a "Home for Christian Young Women," and in another a "Women's and Girls' Christian Association Home"—deliberately designed to entrap young girls who come up to London to seek employment, and who require temporary lodging. In charge of one of these establishments are a man and woman of the vilest antecedents—a kind of Theo and Swami—who, having once got the victims within their clutches, temporise with them, under the pretext of finding them employment, and then, when their scanty funds are exhausted, and they are no longer able to pay their board and lodging, take advantage of their distress and helplessness to introduce them into the immoral traffic of which they are paid and recognised agents. Filthy old men are brought to the place in the guise of Christian philanthropists, and are introduced to young girls for the purpose of giving advice and spiritual comfort.

Two Typical Cases.

Let us just glance at one of these places. In the early months of last autumn, there was amongst the boarders a young girl named "Ruby"—an orphan, sixteen years of age. She, in all innocence, put up at the "Institution" whilst seeking a situation. This girl was the niece of a public official. In the course of a few weeks her funds became exhausted. She was then interviewed by the man who runs the show, and it was explained that there was no necessity for her to be without funds. The horrified child was then subjected to the grossest insults, and was finally taken by the woman to another establishment—where she was handed over as "all right" in return for an agreed fee. And this in the very heart of the metropolis.

Another girl—"Violet"—is, at this moment, actually living in the "Home," to which she went a year ago in complete innocence, under conditions of open vice, receiving friends for "Private Communion" and handing over to the proprietors her illgotten gains, less a small percentage for "pocket money."

"Massage" Establishments.

Of course, the "Massage" establishments are the worst of the lot. We are now verifying reports which have reached us as to the character of some of these places, which we are having carefully watched. The result should be what the ordinary journalist calls a "sensation." Only last week our Commissioner succeeded in obtaining a couple of snap-shots of two men whose names are household words in political and social circles—the one arriving at and the other leaving one of these places. Of course their visits *may* have been perfectly innocent, but it will certainly come as news to their families and friends that they were undergoing any form of massage treatment. We also have secured a detailed story, supported by ample documentary evidence, from a masseuse who has just retired, with an ample fortune, from one of the best-known West-end "institutions."

"Nursing" and "Rest" Homes.

It will, however, be more in connection with these places that we shall prosecute our enquiries. Being to all outward appearances the essence of respectability, their doings are the more insidious; they attract a class of patron who would hesitate to visit any of the "suspect" houses, and it is only by the help of nurses and other attendants who have revolted against the disgusting degradation cast upon them and their calling that we are enabled to draw aside the veil. It will come as a shock to many to learn that some of our quietest and most "respectable" streets in the West End are the silent centres of vices as depraved as any which marked the last days of ancient Rome.

(*To be continued.*)

POLICE SUPERVISION.

WHAT IS A MAN TO DO?

At the meeting of the John Bull League at Newcastle the other day the Chairman was somewhat troubled by the persistent attempts of one of the audience to make known a grievance. After the meeting the local Secretary of the League enquired into the matter. He saw the man and was made acquainted with his complaint. It seems to us a very sore one, and it is by no means an uncommon one. The facts are as follows :—

The man's name is Craven—Edward Craven, who has been living at 73, Pilgrim Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Craven served ten years' penal servitude in Portland Prison for embezzlement, being sentenced at Manchester. Since he came out of prison he has held many situations. First he was with Mr. W. Tongue, Builder and Contractor, of Oldham Road, Manchester. When he had been there a fortnight the police informed his employer that he was an ex-convict, and he discharged him. He then got work with Neal and Sons, Builders and Contractors, Strangeways, Manchester. He had been there 4½ days, when his employers were informed by the police that he was an ex-convict, and discharged him. He was then employed by Mr. Wm. Thorpe, John Street, Angus Lane, Manchester. He was there nine days, when his employer was informed by the police that he was an ex-convict, and he was discharged. Despairing of getting further employment in Manchester, Craven then went to Leeds and obtained employment with Thompson and Sons, Builders and Contractors, Skinner Lane. He had been there four days, when certain tools were stolen, and the police, knowing him to be an ex-convict, forthwith arrested him. The same day they caught two men pawning the tools, and thereupon released Craven, and, as some slight admission of their error, gave him 1s. His employers, however, had been informed that though innocent he was an ex-convict, and discharged him.

It will not be surprising that by this time the heart was out of the man, and so he applied to the magistrates to be sent to penal servitude again rather than be dogged as he had been by the police. But of course the magistrates could not send him to penal servitude unless he had committed some crime and been convicted of it, and as he seems to have shrunk from doing this, he remains at large.

Craven has since applied to the magistrates for a hawker's licence in order to obtain an honest living, but they refused it on the ground that they cannot grant a licence to an ex-convict.

Such is the record of Edward Craven, and when the President of the League heard it we need hardly say that he forgave the poor devil the annoyance caused by his attempts at the meeting to obtain a hearing. But what are we to say of the action of the police in the matter—action unhappily not extraordinary in any way, but in accordance with their usual practice where ex-convicts are concerned? Why should the police go out of their way to inform the employers of an ex-convict that he has committed crime in the days gone by? There has been expiation in the case of Craven—ten years' penal servitude. It may be said that wise and generous employers would not be influenced by this representation of the police, but then the majority of employers are not wise and generous, and whether or not, it is well known that the almost invariable result of the police informing an employer that a man he has taken on is an ex-convict is the summary dismissal of that man. What good does this representation do? The law requires that the police shall keep an eye upon men who are just out of jail, and it is well that they should do so, but that does not mean that they should follow them about, dog them wherever they go, and do their utmost by revealing their past to prevent their obtaining or retaining employment. They must live, and if they have to live they must eat and drink, and if they are to eat and drink they must get money somehow, honestly if possible, but somehow. To act as the police have acted towards Craven is almost to force men into crime. We do hope that the present Home Secretary, who in many ways is an enlightened and progressive Minister, will see what can be done to prevent the police continuing the horrible espionage and persecution by which they drive unfortunate men into crime.

CUPID IN CHANCERY LANE.

A CHANCE FOR ALL.

Benefactors of the human race are comparatively rare, and when found should be made a note of.

Such a one apparently is Mr. Conniston Gore, of 124, Chancery Lane, who, "under the patronage of several influential ladies and gentlemen," runs "a national marriage bureau, conscientiously conducted on inexpensive lines to suit all pockets."

Mr. Conniston Gore states—and we can well believe it—that "self-styled matrimonial agents do not by any means commend themselves to those earnestly desiring a genuine matrimonial alliance."

He hints darkly at their malpractices, but we gather that their chief offence lies in the fact, that, having demanded and obtained in advance exorbitant fees, the goods they offer are so shop-soiled and fly-blown that even those "genuinely desiring a matrimonial alliance" have to turn away in disgust.

Cupid's Chronicle—for by this charming name is Mr. Conniston Gore's paper known—has changed all this, and "has brought honourable marriage within the reach of all," for what Mr. Montague Tigg would have called the "ridiculously small sum" of two shillings.

The palpitating, yet bashful, lover who pays his two shillings to Mr. Conniston Gore can always count on a satisfactory selection of prospective brides—either with experience or without. There are all sorts, to suit all tastes.

This is as it should be, and as his business—if one can call so praiseworthy and poetical an occupation a business—becomes more widely known, we may look for a solution of one of the problems which has been vexing the minds of sociologists in Great Britain recently—the decline of the birth-rate.

Though it seems hard to believe it—there are apparently some whom even the tempting offer referred to above will not bring to the altar. But they have reckoned without Mr. Conniston Gore.

Finding, to quote again his own elegant and chaste language, that in the case of many who are eager to take advantage of his two-shilling introductions, "their financial status has necessitated the postponement of the nuptials," he has formed "The Great National Marriage Guild."

The main feature of this magnificent scheme of benevolence is the giving of marriage dowries of £100 apiece, and, to obtain one of these dowries, all that is necessary is to pay 5s. in advance.

As Mr. Conniston Gore says :—

> "Send your five shillings to-day and there is not now the slightest reason why you should not get married."

But we come of a cautious race; and are accustomed to look twice at our money before parting with it. As Kipling says :—

> "A woman is only a woman,
> But a good cigar is a smoke."

And we can get a very good cigar for two shillings.

Moreover, we seem to recollect some old lines—

> "Thus grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure;
> Married in haste, we may repent at leisure."

Before we do anything rash, we should like Mr. Conniston Gore to be good enough to tell the world through the medium of JOHN BULL the names of the influential ladies and gentlemen under whose patronage *Cupid's Chronicle* is published.

This is a cynical and unbelieving age, and Mr. Conniston Gore—who seems to know a good deal about it—himself says: "There are many tricky, crafty and underhand methods resorted to to gain patronage." Alas! that it should be so.

We would also suggest that he should inform us how many marriage dowries of £100 have been given away by "The Great National Marriage Guild," and that he should publish the names and addresses of the fortunate recipients. He will surely realize that we are pointing out to him the finest advertisement he could possibly have.

FROM the head office of Farrow's Bank, 1, Cheapside, E.C., or any of its local branches, may be obtained gratis a copy of a very handy little guide to London. This little volume consists of one hundred pages, packed full of concise and interesting information, the list of statues to the famous dead being a particularly novel feature. JOHN BULL readers should apply for a copy.

THE ARMY AND NAVY STORES.

SHABBY TREATMENT OF AN OLD SERVANT.

Mr. John Warren, of 18, Woodside Avenue, South Norwood, complains of what he considers unjust treatment by the Army and Navy Stores. Warren was employed by these Stores in Victoria Street for close upon 30 years in the grocery department, and paid into the Provident and Pension Fund the whole of that time. This was a compulsory payment, the money being stopped from his wages. Some time ago Warren was away from his work for seven weeks, being ill, and on his return was paid a week's money in lieu of notice. No reason was given, and upon his asking for one it was refused. Warren challenged the manager of the department to say whether anyone had accused him of misconduct. The manager replied that no one had accused him. Warren then applied for a return of the money paid by him into the Provident and Pension Fund during the 30 years of his service, but the board has refused to return him anything. Warren is now over 50 years of age and finds it very difficult to get employment.

If the facts are as he states them, he has been very ungenerously treated by this enormously wealthy and prosperous institution. To compel a man to subscribe to the Provident and Pension Fund for just on 30 years, and then to dismiss him without explanation of any sort or kind, and in dismissing to refuse to return him the monies he has paid into the Fund, or any portion of them, does not seem to us to be consistent with fair dealing between employer and employed.

"CANADIAN EMIGRANTS, BEWARE!"

A WORD WITH "ANSWERS."

A correspondent complains of what he describes as a very misleading statement in our contemporary *Answers*. In its issue of April 23rd, that journal states that 5,000 men "can have highly paid jobs at once" by going to Canada and working upon the extension of the Grand Trunk Railway. In a leading article *Answers* tells its readers :—

All those who wish to avail themselves of this opportunity should first of all place themselves in communication with the Canadian Emigration Bureau, the head offices of which are at 11 and 12, Charing Cross, London. The inquirer will there be given an appointment to submit himself for physical examination, and if he is found fit and strong, and is in other ways a suitable person, the Emigration Department will give him an undertaking guaranteeing him a job in Canada . . . The applicant must also obtain from the Commissioner of Emigration a card or permit ensuring his being allowed to land in Canada without the statutory £5.

It would be difficult to crowd more inaccuracies into equal space. Our correspondent went to the Canadian Emigration Bureau and was informed that they knew nothing of the matter. They advised him to apply at the office of the railway company, but when he went there he was told much the same thing, and that the railway company were not employing the men, but the contractors. As to the statutory £5 being waived, the Canadian Government require that each person not going to farm employment guaranteed in Canada, must have in his or her possession on landing in Canada, at least 25 dollars, in addition to railway ticket to destination; families must have 25 dollars for each member thereof (including parents) over 18 years of age, and $12.50 for each member over five years and under 18, in addition to railway ticket to their destination.

THE "WARATAH."

Mr. W. A. Nicholson, of Shaftstone Road, Kangaroo Point, Brisbane, Queensland, is good enough to send us a cutting from the *Brisbane Telegraph*, referring to the *Waratah*. The paragraph is as follows :—

Mr. Harold Grigg, of Long Gully, Bendigo, who travelled to Africa, on the *Waratah*, returned to Bendigo during Easter. Mr. Grigg said to an interviewer "luckily the ship reached Durban, a day ahead of time, and thus escaped a big storm off the coast. The *Waratah* lurched very badly on the journey, in a manner unusual to other vessels. She would tackle the waves in a snaky zig-zag fashion. Some passengers had misgivings regarding her." After she was reported missing, one of his shipmates remarked, "What did I tell you? I predicted it." They all had their places numbered on the lifeboats, but Grigg supposed that was only a regulation of the company. He felt greatly relieved personally, when he reached Durban.

THE CHURCH ASSOCIATION.

A SUPER-SENSITIVE SECRETARY.

The Church Association exists, as we understand, for the purpose of protesting against ritualistic practices. It has never been famous for the wisdom or the courtesy of its methods, but for gratuitous offensiveness it would be difficult to beat its action in a recent correspondence. Messrs. Isaac Pitman and Sons publish a very useful book of reference, known as "Where to Look," and in the 1908 edition of this publication it was stated that the report of the Church Association was "private," *i.e.*, that it was issued to members only. No objection was taken to this announcement by the Association, nor did they make any protest when a similar announcement appeared in the 1909 edition, but in 1910 this Association, which prides itself on its vigilance, read the statement and became terribly agitated. "Private," indeed! Were they to be accused of the secrecy observed by those horrid Ritualists? It could be nothing short of a Ritualist conspiracy. And so, hot with indignation, the Secretary wrote, under date April 4th last, to Messrs. Pitman and Sons demanding to know their authority for saying that the report was issued to members only. Thereupon, Messrs. Pitman and Sons wrote in courteous phrase to express regret at the error, and to say that "at the moment it would be quite impossible to state the authority upon which the entry was made, especially as it seems to have passed through the two previous editions without question." They promised, however, at once to make a note of the inaccuracy and to take care that it did not appear in any future edition.

One would have thought that here the matter would have ended, but so far from the letter we have quoted placating the Secretary, he was driven into a bovine fury, and in his next letter roundly declared that Messrs. Isaac Pitman and Sons had been made victims of a ritualistic conspiracy. "I have not the least doubt myself," wrote the Secretary, "that the word 'private' has been inserted by some person with ritualistic sympathies, who has to do with the compilation of your table, and that that person when he put it in knew that it was untrue."

On receipt of this stupid and offensive epistle, the publishers of the work wrote a good-humoured reply, chaffing the Association on their conspiracy obsession, and repeating that the description objected to had been made in all good faith, a quality which they observed was not the monopoly of the Church Association. It seems hardly credible, but it is true, that the Secretary's answer was a shrill repetition of his senseless accusation, while at the same time he declared that they had no desire to "prolong the correspondence." It is indeed curious to find a Society which seeks large public support behaving with such a lack of common courtesy and commonsense.

EDWARD VII.

A NATIONAL LAMENTATION.

Wailing, and ashes, and tearing of garments;
Weeping, and terror, and deadliest anguish;
Sorrows supernal of cities beleaguered,
Lay like an interdict over Old England.

Merriest England, merry no longer;
Dark is her brow, like the bed of the ocean;
Frozen at heart—an iceberg Atlantic;
Dead is the City, and dead are the suburbs.

Throned in the hearts of a Nation that loved him,
Basked in the beams of his bonniest eye,
Followed him grandly in battles and breezes,
Watched how he melodised Europe to peace;—

History parallels none like our Edward:—
Vaster in Empire than proud Alexander's,
Constantine's, Solomon's; none so magnificent;
Suns never set where his sceptre outspreaded.

Broad in the light of a Nation lamenting—
Eternal, spectacular, proudest of glories—
Bear him, O Britons! on tower-like shoulders.
Home to the glades, where his glory reposes.

Wisdom's supremest, when dangers encompassed;
Martyr to combats, incessant, supernal—
God alone knows what the future entraineth,
Now he is borne to the Vale of Immortals.

M. L. R. Breslar.

IN PRAISE OF POVERTY.

BY A PHILISTINE.

Let me preface what I have to say by explaining that I use the word "poverty" with a qualification. I do not mean by it that distressful state of grinding need which implies physical hunger and absolute destitution—the poverty of the homeless, workless man, and of the shiftless thriftless woman. The only thing belonging to such a condition that is worthy of praise is the abundantly healthy appetite to which its unfortunate possessor is a prey.

No, the poverty I mean is that of a man of some "birth" and education, possessed of an income of, let us say two pounds a week, earned, maybe, in a school or office by honest work, and spent with due regard to the virtues of frugality. Such a one finds a joy and a pleasure in life that the man of wealth—whom he is inclined to envy as "a lucky beggar"—is an utter stranger to.

Such a man is able, for instance, to live his own life without regard to the criticism of his neighbours. He has not, thank heaven, "a certain position to keep up"—whether he can afford to do so or not. Dignity, the bugbear of the well-to-do, has no meaning, and consequently no terrors for him. He can dig his own garden, trim his own fence, smoke a clay pipe (if his taste inclines in that direction), without loss of caste. He does not feel it to be beneath him to carry a brown-paper parcel through the streets, and he is not disconcerted if he happens to be seen in his oldest suit and wearing a pair of slippers with a hole in either sole.

He knows nothing of the tyranny of servants. Therefore he enjoys a greater freedom in his own house than is accorded to his more wealthy brother. He is not hedged about by a bevy of serving men and women who impose upon the whole household their own ideas of decorum, from whose attentions it is well-nigh impossible to escape, and whose sense of dignity is most easily wounded. He can pluck a rose for his buttonhole or pick an apple from his garden without grieving his gardener's heart, and he can leave his tobacco pouch on the mantelpiece of the best room without outraging the feelings of the housemaid.

He is happily immune from the visits of the elderly lady with subscription lists on behalf of the Parish Blanket Fund or the Society for the Vaccination of the Tierra del Fuegans. He is free, too, from the intrusions of the book-canvassing bore. Consequently, when his day's work is finished he is a man of leisure, free to do as he likes and to go where he wishes without interruptions from telephones and telegrams and undeterred by obligations to dine with this man or sup with the other.

What inducement has a rich man to work compared with that which prompts his poorer neighbour? The poor man cannot afford to be lazy. But he can afford to exert every effort to achieve success. And though, sometimes, the harness may chafe, yet often enough, for the very pleasure of it, he is willing to spend the long evenings upon some self-appointed task—"a hobby" he calls it—that may, possibly, result in a trifling addition to the family exchequer. And the unalloyed joy afforded by an additional sovereign earned is sweeter than any experience the rich man has ever dreamed of.

But the pleasure is not all on the side of the husband. His wife finds an equal freedom in escaping from the bonds and shackles of Society. She can wear a last year's gown—yes, and one of the year before that, without being thought "dowdy" and spoken of as "a fright." She finds as much pleasure in a sober straw hat, or a quiet felt one as "my lady" would in the rarest creations of the West End. And she shares with her husband the freedom from restraint and convention which the absence of servants affords. She declares, too, that the small house is cosier and prettier than those of higher rental can possibly be.

There is a pleasure, too—though it may seem strange to some of our readers—in the manipulation of ways and means, and in the small self-sacrifices resulting therefrom, in order that the children may have a decent education and be fitted for a higher position in the world than that their parents enjoy.

Even in the matter of health the balance is in the poor man's favour. Possibly because his habits of life are more regular, probably because he lives upon plainer and more wholesome fare, and certainly because he has fewer cares and responsibilities, the poor man has better health than usually falls to the rich man's share. Insomnia, nerve troubles, gout and dyspepsia are proverbially the diseases of the rich, and are seldom met with in the homes of the "poorer and middle classes."

THE MORALS OF NOTTINGHAM.

BY AN AGONISED PARENT.

For many years I pooh-poohed the idea, but for several years, when on my holidays at the seaside, acquaintances would keep harping on the same old subject, "A warm place, Nottingham, isn't it?" This made me put on my thinking cap and try to reason it out, and I came to the conclusion that the readers of JOHN BULL could best decide after having the unvarnished facts placed before them.

A few months ago Nottingham was astounded to hear that a highly-respected citizen and business gentleman was charged with fascinating (to put it mildly) young girls with whom he was brought into contact as secretary of the Poor Girls' Camp. However shocked they were, they eagerly bought the newspapers to read the evidence at Court. It was only a nine days' wonder. But, readers, you will be surprised at another case, worse than the above, which will shortly come before the magistrates. Some years ago a clever writer got two years for the same thing.

A few years ago the City Fathers and certain puritans thought the Forest (a large recreation ground) was a bad place at nights, so they had lamps placed all over to light up the dark corners. The Forest is a large recreation ground, with cricket and football pitches, shady walks under the trees, and a bandstand in the centre of a grassy slope; here couples used to go to "spoon," until the cry went forth, "Let there be light."

Who has heard of Colwick Park? This is another beautiful spot, spoilt during the summer months in the evening by rowdy young people who go laughing and shrieking about the walks arm in arm. I am not exaggerating when I say I have seen on one or two occasions girls about fifteen or sixteen years, rolling drunk, arm in arm with youths who were trying to hold them up. Thank goodness this is not a regular occurrence. What chance has a girl placed in such a position with two youths and a quiet spot among the trees? One would think Sunday nights would be an exception, but this is not the case; it is like a Bank Holiday to see the young people—boys and girls—laughing and shrieking as they saunter up and down Long Row, in the Market Place, and to hear the coarse jokes shouted at one another is awful—and all under the watchful eye of the police, who only keep them on the move. It is true that the Salvation Army and other Socialistic preachers give vent to their various causes in this large and open Market Place, but what do these young people want with open-air spouters? They only jeer at them.

Saturday night is another delightful round of rowdyism by the usual bright youth and beauty of the city parading up and down certain roads, hustling shoppers off the pavement, singing the latest songs, etc.

There are one or two hotbeds of vice in and about the city which could be very well done away with, where painted ladies congregate previous to perambulating the streets in search of prey, and there happens more in the vicinity of Lace Market than the parsons ever preached about. Only this week some of the worthy citizens have had an indignation meeting to protest against the rowdyism of the young people who parade up and down Forest Road to the annoyance of the residents. All because the magistrates refused to convict some youths whom the police summoned for obstructing.

A few years ago the Puritanical Fathers of the City thought that racing was not good for the inhabitants, so they instructed the librarian of the Free Library to blot out all racing and betting news, and made themselves the laughing stock of the community. The papers, after they had been censored, looked like the Notts County Football Club shirts, black and white, but when they found that those who wanted the sporting news bought the papers themselves they gave it up as a bad job.

IN THE FASHION.

"Buttonless coats for men are to be fashionable this year."—*Weekly Paper.*

When fashion tells man he must wear
No buttons on his coat,
He simply laughs a scornful laugh
That gurgles in his throat.

Thanks to his wife, the new decree
Is one at which he jeers;
The coat he wears to-day has been
Nigh buttonless for years! RICARDO.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?—SEE PAGE II OF COVER.

THE BLIND AND THEIR WANTS.

THE DUTY OF THE STATE.

We have received from one who many years ago, through an unfortunate accident, lost his sight, a statement as to the imperfect provision made for the blind. We have not space to insert the statement in full, but the subject is a very important one, and we think it may be useful to summarise the facts and suggestions of our correspondent.

There are approximately 40,000 blind persons in this country, of whom roughly, 5,000 are in the workhouses, 5,000 in receipt of parish relief, 7,000 begging their bread in the streets or starving at home. About 8,000 are employed in the industrial institutions for the blind. The other 15,000 include those in receipt of pensions from blind societes, and those who are able to support themselves. Of those engaged in the industrial institutions, few are paid anything like an adequate wage. For a week's work of between fifty to sixty hours, the average wage is under 10s. per week, and the contention is that far too much is spent upon palatial buildings. The charitable public subscribe handsomely for the relief of the blind, but the money so subscribed is unwisely administered, much of it being squandered in buildings that are quite unnecessary. It is said, too, that the training in the industrial institutions is very defective, although it is well known the average blind person is highly intelligent and easy to teach. Some of these institutions insist on impossible guarantees from the workers, such as payment of expenses in the case of removal from sickness, cost of burial, clothing, and so on, whilst those who are mentally afflicted are disqualified.

It is a significant fact that in Burdett's "Hospital and Charitable Year Book" under "Institutions for theBlind," there is a note as follows :—

> The Institutions marked X, are those from which no return has been received, although repeated applications for information have been received.

There are no less than five institutions in London so marked, and eight in the Provinces.

It is contended that the State should take over the responsibility for the training and support of the blind. They are doubly entitled to all the benefits provided by the country for the sighted poor because their affliction renders them helpless. The State should see to it that they at least get their rights by dispensing the funds that belong to them entirely for their benefit and in accordance with the intention of their benefactors.

At present the pensions granted by the various institutions and charities are burdened by conditions which are prohibitive in a number of the most urgent and deserving cases. Those who may have received parish relief, or who have tried to eke out a living by hawking small articles, or those who have been compelled to ask for alms, are barred from participating in the pensions for which money has been provided, but it is not from want of funds that the existing conditions are insisted upon.

Take, for example, the institution which is the outcome of a gift of £100,000 left to found a Blind Man's Friendly Society. Amongst the rules is one that a petition sent in by an eligible person must be on the books twelve months before the application can be considered. If at the end of that time the applicant has not become ineligible, which is likely enough, he receives an intimation that he is one of a large number of applicants who must be dealt with in rotation. Even if he can maintain his eligibility, it may be years before he is able to participate in an allowance.

Another charity stipulates that the candidate must be unable to work and not have been in receipt of support from other sources, and this for a maximum of £10 yearly.

Another whose maximum is £10 yearly stipulates that receipt of parochial relief disqualifies.

One of the rules of another institution which gives a maximum of £5 yearly is that the candidate must never have received any allowance from the parish, and never sold or begged in the streets.

Another of these institutions has a rule that the applicant must have been resident in the same parish or place for three years. Even in the case of pensions granted by societies supported by voluntary contributions it is impossible for most of the blind poor to comply with the conditions.

It seems to us very desirable that a Royal Commission should be appointed to enquire into the way in which the funds subscribed for the maintenance and education of the blind are at present administered.

TALKS WITH A TRAMP.

By R. M. Ellis.

NO. II.—THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

The Tramp was enjoying a slight rest on the Embankment. There is really nothing to object to in that; it is characteristic of the tramp-type.

It is not what it used to be, it is true. The clatter of the trams and the clangour of their gongs ought never to have been permitted to invade its genteel serenity; but there! even a tramp, whatever his particular social plane, must be prepared to make the sacrifices demanded by modern utilitarian development.

Meditating thus upon the impossibility of ideals, the Tramp became aware of a gentlemanly individual intently regarding the river and its surroundings. Immediately afterwards he found himself the temporary subject of observation. He touched his hat; then, mercenary considerations overcoming his indolence, he approached the stranger.

"Are you in any way connected with the sea, my man?" inquired the gentleman.

"No, sir," answered the Tramp, "'cept," he added, as an afterthought, "'aving 'ad three grown sons drahnded in the service of the Empire. One, while doin' 'is country's——"

"We need not go into details," interrupted the other, politely. "The mode in which your brave sons laid down their lives at the nation's call would no doubt be most interesting, but I was really looking for a man actively engaged in the seafaring profession. You see, I am just for the moment endeavouring to pick up a few really seafaring terms and ideas and things. In fact, I am rather anxious to acquire somewhat of a nautical flavour, as it were. Something bluff and breezy, in the Beresford style, for example."

"Then I'm jest the very man fer yer, sir!" exclaimed the Tramp enthusiastically. "I've got it all at me fingers' ends, strike me if I ain't!"

"Ah! really!" cried the other, suddenly interested. "Go on!"

"Well, cranes is mide largely in Germany; almost exclusive, one might s'y."

"Just what they told me!" cried the stranger, triumphantly. "I knew that *Dreadnought* scare wasn't justified. Now I can convince Asquith——"

"*Blimey*, if it ain't McKenna!" cried the Tramp. Then, dropping his mask of vagrancy, he continued, with a beaming smile, "This keen, though somewhat elementary, enthusiasm for maritime affairs is most encouraging. It is indeed gratifying to find the First Lord of the Admiralty displaying such genuine interest in matters of seafaring importance."

Mr. McKenna blushed, then answered in a burst of confidence, "I am really proud of your approval. To tell you the truth, since you have discovered my identity, I am rather dubious about my qualifications for my present appointment."

"My dear sir," cried the Tramp, with a still broader smile, "you depreciate your capabilities. The undoubted energy that you are putting into the task of acquiring information to fit you for your position is most commendable. It has no precedent."

Mr. McKenna's reception of these compliments was a trifle undecided. Perhaps he was not accustomed to them.

"I'm not entirely without experience, you know," he suggested, rather doubtfully. "I've done a bit of rowing—in fact, I have prizes for it."

"But that's not your limit," remarked the Tramp. "You are, I believe, a good mathematician, an experienced secretary, a barrister, a past President of the Board of Education, a—a—a husband, and lots of other things."

"But do you really consider these things reasonable qualifications?" queried Mr. McKenna, dubiously.

"Undoubtedly, sir," cried the man of leisure, "undoubtedly! How many Cabinet Ministers can boast such attainments? You are a Saul among the people. As I remarked, commercially—but, pshaw! we need not debase our conversation with professional prejudices. Anyway, take a word of advice from me. I don't look much, but I'm a success in my own line, despite the competition of the real article. If you want to learn your profession thoroughly start as a boy in the service. Learn the life and the ways of sailors first-hand. Work your way up in the occupation, and study its other aspects all the time. Be a part of it."

"But, great heavens! I'm far too old for that!" cried the Minister aghast.

"Then drop your senseless tinkering with things you can never hope to know. Practise your law or teach your sciences, but leave Britain's greatest asset to the management of those whose capabilities can grasp it."

OUR LUNACY LAWS.

A WORD WITH "THE HOSPITAL."

Our medical contemporary, *The Hospital*, is good enough to take us to task for directing attention to a public meeting of protest against the working of the Lunacy Laws. Our contemporary thinks that any such meeting would be "very mischievous," and that this is not the first time that we have "indulged in sensation-mongering over the Lunacy Laws, and it is time that a protest is offered." Our contemporary goes on to support its charge of "sensation-mongering" by alluding to something we had to say a couple of years ago about an "eminent surgeon" and how he was inveigled into a lunatic asylum. Our contemporary speaks of this reference as "a page or two of flamboyant nonsense," and affirms that there was nothing irregular in the incident upon which we commented. We shall not do our contemporary the injustice of assuming that it is so ill-informed as it pretends to be.

Our contention with regard to the administration of the Lunacy Acts admits of no misconception. Week by week we receive evidence of the maladministration of these Acts—of men and women sent to lunatic asylums who are as sane as any one in the City of London to-day. We hold that lunatic asylums ought only to be used for chronic cases, for those who are dangerous to themselves and others, and that it is a shame and a scandal that it should be possible, as it is—and not only possible, but easy—to put troublesome members of a family into a lunatic asylum, and to keep them there. No one denies that years ago this was a very common outrage. Unfortunately the public conscience has been lulled by the passing of a couple of Acts, which if we are to believe the official people, have removed all the abuses so common in the bad old times. We know that there has been no such improvement, that Parliament has failed to do what it sought to do when it amended the Lunacy Acts, and that it is almost as easy to-day as it was fifty years ago to put away in a lunatic asylum a troublesome wife or relative.

We daresay *The Hospital* is a believer in the good old maxim, "*Quieta non movere.*" It is a favourite one with the medical profession, at any rate with the prosperous section of it. But it is not our motto, and we shall continue to do what we can to stir up public opinion until it realises the monstrous abuses still worked under the Lunacy Acts.

WHEN THAT BUSINESS GOVERNMENT COMES.

PEOPLE WE SHALL MISS—BUT NOT WANT!

A TEETOTALER'S "CONSCIENCE."

HOW A PARKSTONE FANATIC OVERCAME HIS SCRUPLES.

An amusing story was told in Court the other day by Mr. E. T. Hooley, in connection with the formation of a company called the Southern Counties' Stores, Limited. He stated that on behalf of his friend and client, Mr. Wm. Carter, of Parkstone, Dorset (Chairman of "Homesteads, Limited"), he recently promoted a company to take over a group of shops owned by Mr. Carter, who was "a rabid teetotaler," and did not care to have the shops in his own name, as many of them held licences for the sale of drink. "So he transferred them to a company and took shares in payment," said Mr. Hooley. "And in that way he satisfied his conscience," dryly observed Mr. Justice Darling. Mr. Hooley added that he had had extensive transactions with Mr. Carter—amounting to between £300,000 and £400,000. The Parkstone apostle evidently combines business with his mission work. The Southern Counties' Stores were ultimately wound up upon a creditor's petition.

OUR POSTER COMPETITION.

We hope to publish a list of consolation prize-winners next week.

THE PARASITE.

Time was—although long since gone by—
When with a blind devotion I
As private secretary served
A rich M.P., and never swerved
From duty's path.
I toiled for him with all my might
Throughout the day and half the night,
Until by drudging I became
A man of gaunt and meagre frame—
A very lath.

Malgré the efforts that I made,
The wretch no gratitude displayed.
My recompense was, after all,
Infinitesimally small,
(Two pounds per week),
And, when I mentioned that a rise
Would be acceptable, surprise
Was written plainly on his face.
He hinted that another place
I'd better seek.

Then I, not coveting the sack,
Set sail upon another tack,
And fulsome flattery, instead
Of sweating, ultimately led
To better things.
Compelled by Fate to cringe and fawn
(Often the ever-threat'ning yawn
With difficulty I suppressed)
I listened to—and praised with zest—
His vapourings.

The sorriest quips I hailed with glee
(A punster, sad to say, was he),
Retailing them, for him to hear,
To those who happened to be near;
Which pleased him much.
Ere very long, by leaps and bounds,
My stipend at five hundred pounds
Per annum actually stood,
Clear proof that sycophancy could
A flint heart touch.

Now, with ingratiating smirk
(While someone else knocks off the work),
My worthy patron I soft-soap,
And in a way that's not, I hope,
Devoid of skill.
The job's a soft one, I must own,
And I'm no longer skin and bone.
The fact is—strange as it may sound—
I am in contour large and round,
But *flatter still.*

F. J. WHITMARSH.

THE NEW KING AND THE OLD CRISIS.

A BOND OF UNION AND A TRUCE OF GRIEF.

By Theodore Dahle.

There is hardly any difference in the opinion of the street that for some months at least the strife of party politics and the cries of party politicians should be hushed. It is felt that for either party to embarrass or harass the new King while he is stricken in his personal grief and unaccustomed to the formal duties of his position would be inconsiderate to a degree. Here and there, it is true, one hears a voice protesting that it is of less importance that the people should consider the King than that the King should consider the people. Hardly anybody, however, takes any notice of it, or, if he does take notice, it is only to turn away with contemptuous silence. For at this time nearly everybody feels that the King and the people are involved together in a common grief as well as a common calamity. Everyone with whom you speak resents as an outrage even the idea of dragging the new King into the constitutional crisis in the days of his mourning. The man in the street is eager to do everything to console and heal, and will take no hand in any political scheme to make the King's and the Nation's affliction the party politician's opportunity. He insists that if there cannot be a compromise there shall be a truce. He will not even consent to talk party politics. The death of his King has put the House of Lords and the Veto at the back of his mind. The blow stunned him. He was overcome by a sort of paralysis of woe. Not yet has he recovered from the shock. And not for many months yet will he recover from it. Though a fortnight has passed he is still asking himself whether it can be true that this great King, who seemed such a part of his intimate life that he touched it at every point, is really cold in death. The King never dies, says the fiction of the British Constitution. But we who mourn to-day know better. The King is dead.

And our reverence for the King who is dead would be a hollow thing indeed if we could turn lightly away from our thoughts of all that he was and all that he might have been to the nation, to hastily force the King who lives into a party struggle which might well put to strain and to stress the wisest and most experienced monarch who ever sat on the throne of a constitutional people. It would be a political shame to do it. It would be a political indecency to do it. It would not be fair to His Majesty. Kingship is no more a means of passing the time. It is an affair of business first of all, and business, too, which keeps a man well occupied if he is to make a national success of it. This business the King cannot be expected to learn at a moment's notice. He is not yet familiar even with the machinery, or the hands which set it in motion, or the fabric which it weaves. The nation has received so much consideration from the father that in gratitude it can afford to spare a little in advance to the son. It must give him time to settle, to think, to listen, to understand, to weigh. Sooner or later, it may be, George V. will have to face the situation with which Edward VII. was as familiar as any of the leaders of any political party. For he has come at the birth-throes of a new time, involving the dissolution of the Party system, and this Veto question and all it signifies are the first test of the dissolvents. No informed man who watches the political current can fail to notice the restless pitching of the party boats as they struggle against the tide. It will be a good day and a great day for England when our Lords and our Commons are as detached from party rancour and party clamour and party humbug as the Constitution supposes the King to be. In the meantime, as I have said, George V. will probably have to face the crisis when the acute days of his sorrowing and those of the nation have passed away. By this time, however, he will have accustomed himself more or less to his responsibilities, and with the advantage of knowing, perhaps more intimately than most others, the inner workings of his father's mind, he will be better able to weigh the counsel of his Ministers, whoever they may be. His Majesty's decision cannot be formed or given without personal anxiety. It will necessarily be momentous. But for the next few months the nation is determined that the parties shall call a truce and respect the difficulties with which he has been confronted by his and their calamitous bereavement.

THE "POOR HEATHEN."

A PROSPECTOR'S OPINION OF NATIVE "WORKERS."

We have received the following interesting letter from an English prospector, now located in Portuguese East Africa :—

I had great pleasure to-day in perusing for the first time a copy of John Bull (of date 26th ultimo). It reached me here in a somewhat isolated camp in a tropical wilderness, and I am grateful to a friend for the introduction to what I consider quite the most absorbing and cheapest "pennyworth" of its kind I have yet seen.

It was with keen, and, under the circumstances, very appropriate interest that I read the paragraph under the heading "H— and their Employees." It so happened that at the time some half-dozen native women came up to my hut to receive payment for their day's work. The work consisted of leisurely smearing a muddy mixture on the floors and walls of some new huts I am erecting. A start is made about 8 o'clock in the morning with frequent and protracted intervals for a lounge and gossip, and, following the Portuguese custom in these parts, a healthy two to three hours is taken for the meal of the day between the hours of 11 and 2 o'clock, the precise amount of time wasted being regulated by the temperament of the worker, or as the sun may roughly indicate. On resumption more breaks occur, on any odd pretext, and a deep sigh of relief at about 4.30 to 5 denotes the termination of the day's "fatigue." The lowest rate of pay in this neighbourhood for native labour is 1s. per day for women and 2s. per day for men, and it is impossible to procure anybody at less. Any attempt to force labour at a price which would be more commensurate with the amount of actual work done would in consequence not only meet with no success, but would soon percolate through to the Exeter Halls in Lisbon and London and strong representations would follow in favour of the "poor heathen"—the depraved, drink-besodden and truculent natives, of both sexes, as we really know them to be, who have a free run of the country, work as fancy or a craving for drink influences them, and (in the case of the women) with their babies strapped to their backs, make for the nearest "canteen" (with which infernal institutions the country is plentifully bestrewn), and "blow in" their wages on the pernicious *vinho*, with which the whole province is continually inundated for native consumption from Portugal.

What has this to do with H— and their employees? I shall proceed to briefly and plainly explain. It appears to me that what is tolerated in dear Free England under the guise of apprenticeship or a probationary period, is denounced with a shriek as slavery of an altogether outrageous character if practised abroad on natives who do not realise either the value of, or the necessity for, money, except to enable them to indulge their vices which misguided administration by white men has taught them to acquire.

Your article serves to engender a blood-boiling sentiment towards those canting meddlers at home, who, through a smug conceit of their own self-righteousness, squander money and energy on objects abroad of which they are painfully ignorant, the while ignoring the vital and urgent necessity for reforms in the matter of conditions of labour at least, existing so pathetically among their own kith and kin in the adjoining street. If those irresponsible humbugs who so glibly heap calumny upon the Colonist and his methods would only travel and acquaint themselves with the subject of their vilification, it would, I venture to think, be a happier and more enlightened England than perhaps we dare hope for. I should perhaps add that several mission stations are established in this district.

As the Suffragists are not over-contented with the concession granted by the Home Secretary in being allowed to wear their own clothes, we suggest that perhaps a course of roller skating would be agreeable.

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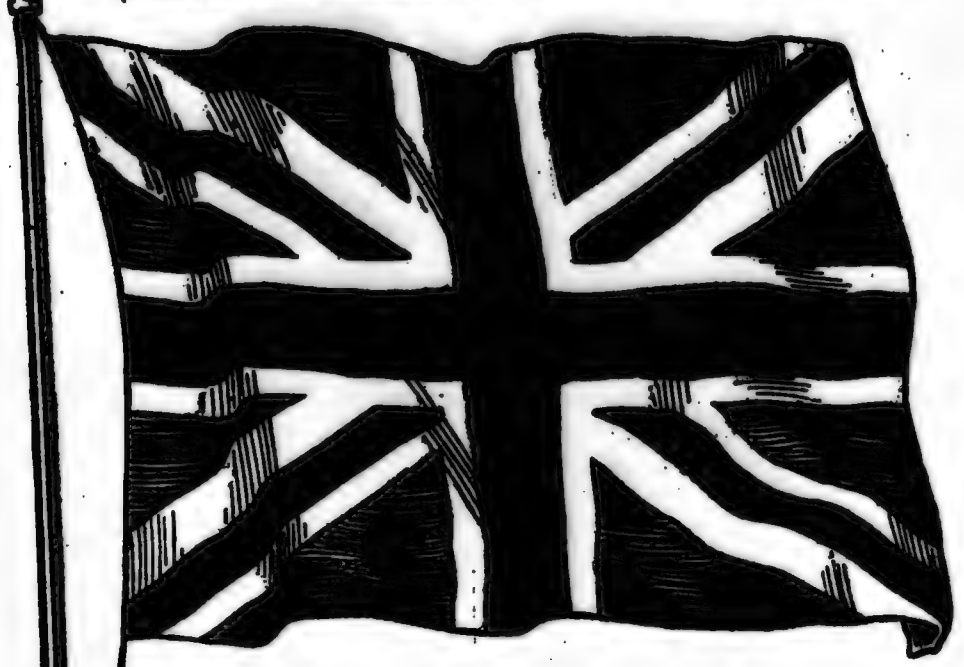

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HUMAN DOCUMENTS.—XC.

AN APPEAL TO THE GOVERNMENT.

WILL MR. HALDANE FIND THIS GOVERNMENT SERVANT A JOB?

We publish below the letter of an ex-soldier, and we venture to direct Mr. Haldane's attention to it. If he will do us the kindness to read it he will see it is the history of a solider who did his duty whilst in the service, as he had done before he entered it, and has done since. Having left the Service, he was getting on well when one of those accidents to which none of us are immune, happened to him, and he was compelled through the loss of a leg to leave his employment. With the money he got as compensation, and his savings, he bought a little business, which was not what it was represented to be, and after struggling on as long as possible he has finally succumbed to the action of a creditor. It is a very sad story. Our correspondent does not ask for charity; he wants work. Of course, a man with only one leg is sadly handicapped in the search for it, but, as he says, and we cannot help thinking truly, he could manage a watchman's job, gatekeeper, or lodgeman, and there must be plenty of such jobs in the Government workshops. Will not Mr. Haldane find one for him, assuming, of course, that upon enquiry his statements are proved to be true? Or if any one of our readers sees his way to offer work, we shall be most happy to put him in touch with our correspondent.

I am a native of Stafford. I am 37 years of age. I am married, and have five children, three girls and two boys, their ages are 10, 5, and 5 months, 14 and 7 years. Previous to my enlistment in the Army in 1890, I worked at an ironworks where I worked on a shaping machine. In October, 1890, I enlisted in the North Stafford Regiment. I served with them in South Africa, Malta, Egypt, and I saw active service in the Soudan in 1896 under General (now Lord) Kitchener. While I was with them I held several positions of trust. I was officer's servant, cook, canteen waiter, and regimental policeman. I was the best shot of my company four years in succession, and I was the second best shot in the regiment once. I came away from Egypt in 1897 to join the first-class army reserve. I left the army with an exemplary character. I at once got work on the G.P.O. Telegraph Department at Stafford. I worked there until August, 1899, when I went to Crewe, and got employment in the Locomotive Works electric shop. I had been there but a few months, when I was called up to go to South Africa. I served all through the war. During the time I was in South Africa, I was selected for special duty with the Bloemfontein Police. I had several good cases, and I was once complimented by the magistrates for the way I conducted myself. I left the police at Bloemfontein, to come home to England, on the expiration of my term of service. I was discharged with an exemplary character, two good conduct badges, four medals, and six clasps. On taking my discharge from the army, I at once resumed duty at Crewe Locomotive Works. By paying strict attention to my work, I was soon spotted out for a rise in wages and a special job. I was put in charge of sixty motors. I was at this work some time, and I was expecting further promotion, when I met with an accident, and, after a long illness, I had to have my left leg amputated. I took a sum of money in December, 1907, as compensation for the loss of my leg, and together with what I had saved in the army, I bought a little general business at Stafford. It was represented to me to be a good, sound concern, but after a while I found I had been bitten, But I struggled on with it, endeavouring to make a go of it. but I was not able to, and one of my creditors had me sold up. This broke me altogether, and now I am stranded. I am willing to work, but cannot get anything suitable. I have a peg leg, and I can get about very well on it. I could manage a watchman's job, gatekeeper, or lodgeman. There are no doubt plenty of such jobs in the Government workshops and I would willingly accept a job anywhere. I know I am not entitled to any pension, but then something might be done for me to help me out of my trouble.

We have to acknowledge the sum of 10s. from A.E.C. for the writer of Human Document LXXXVIII.

The Caxton Publishing Co., Ltd.—Mr. H. F. Le Bas having acquired the interests in the Caxton Publishing Company of Mr. T. Chater Jack and Mr. Edwin C. Jack, the business has now been registered as a private limited company, and the style of the firm will be The Caxton Publishing Company, Limited. Mr. Le Bas will hold all the shares in the new company, and will act as governing director.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

See page ii. of Cover.

THE LAST OF THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

By George Raffalovich.

A fat, purple-faced man was lying in a ditch between a country road and a field. On the edge of the field flowers of all kinds were enjoying the last rays of the sun, wondering at the sight of such a huge mass of flesh displayed below them. They were a little afraid and much disgusted.

"I am getting blind," thought the man.

Blind drunk, more likely, or, mayhap, hungry, for the scene is in England, under party Government.

However, there he lay, muttering words to the effect that he had lost his weight (a very awkward loss, indeed), and that being lighter than air he could not stand on his legs and walk home.

A man came by driving his donkey-cart, while his dog playfully jumped and danced and barked at the teeth of the grey ass, who was much too old to approve of such a useless supplementary exercise. The dog barked at the man; the donkey looked but remained speechless (donkeys are such wise people), and the peasant, removing from his thin lips a short clay pipe, answered the grunting man with a sharp:

"If you cannot stand a drink, better turn a teetotaler. Now, get up and go home; it's the best thing you can do. I might give you a lift, but my wife would object."

And the trio passed. Then came a poet, with long hair and a look of rapture. He was composing a poem for the glorification of human pity. "How beautiful," he thought; "such a contrast." And he put the fields, the flowers, the ditch and the drunkard in his rockety rhymes.

Then passed a child, who went to the man and said: "Who are you?"

"I have lost my weight. Take me out of this."

"You see, I am only a child. Wait till I grow up. If you are still here I'll come and help you. Wait and see!" But that child will never be strong enough.

Then came a man with stern gesture, ecstatic eyes, a nose ascetic, and a yellow face; his dress was black, and on seeing the inebriated creature who was now collapsing, his jaw dangling, he spoke to him.

"My brother, why do you murmur? he said. "Are you then, faultless? By the will of God are you thus punished. Accept it as such, and pray the Almighty, begging His Infinite Mercy. When He has granted you His pardon you will thank me, who came passing by with words of resignation to His will."

"I have lost my weight, parson," answered he. But the man in black had gone, and was now praying for the drunkard.

"Take me out of this!" shouted the man again.

He was heard by another pedestrian, who came to him.

"Oh, my brother!" said he, with a gloom on his face. "Here—lying in the mud! And all over this country men are grivelling and singing, they care not for you. How sad your case is, my dear comrade! But I have come, and your sorrow is my sorrow. I shall go to them; I shall bring tears to their eyes, and make their hearts ache with the picture of your terrible state. Farewell, friend!"

"I've lost my weight!" snorted the man. But he was heard no more. His last visitor had gone, and, walking fast, he was now apostrophising Nature the inexorable, Moon the pitiless.

Shortly after his departure a fly came and began teasing the drunkard, preventing him from sleeping in the ditch. The man swore at it, but in vain, and after a little while and painful efforts he stood up and walked home—sidewise.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

NOT SUPERSTITCUS.

(*The passing of time does not abate the common superstition that May is an unlucky month in which to tie the nuptial knot.*)

Says Miss Passay, "Although May may
For bad luck to brides take the biscuit,
Yet if some man should say He would wed me in May.
I think that perhaps I might risk it.
In fact, in that case May would certainly be
The luckiest month of the whole bunch tt me!"

A WISE CHOICE.

(*The padded suits and helmets worn by some aviators would not be of much value in the case of a really serious fall.*)

The aeroplane was blown to bits,
And the man, in falling, said,
"I must alight on something soft!"
So he came down on his head.

R.

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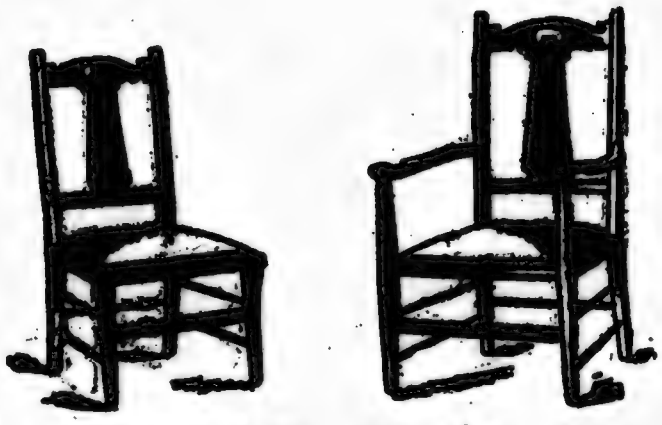

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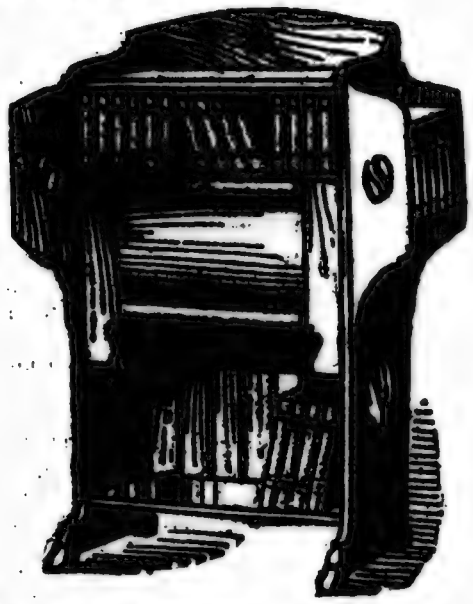

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OPEN LETTERS, POSTCARDS AND TELEGRAMS.

To the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, M.P., Downing Street, London.

DEAR PREMIER,—I have much pleasure in giving you formal assurance of my approval of the proposal I understand you intend to submit to Parliament in the present session in the form of a Bill for the amendment of the statutory declaration of the King on his accession. I am able to state that His late Majesty King Edward had himself strong objections to a form of words insulting to his Roman Catholic subjects. Whether a Roman Catholic monarch would permit himself to be equally tolerant in his thought of those who differed from him in religion is a hypothetical question I do not think it necessary to argue. If it should be raised in Parliament during the discussion on the Bill, I take it your sufficient answer will be that tolerance and respect for the religious beliefs of other people is to the true Protestant inseparable from that magnificent conception of charity which lifted the gospel of Galilee upon its impregnable rock. It is indefensible that in the twentieth century the King should be compelled to inaugurate his reign by verbally insulting the religion and outraging the personal feelings of any section of his people upon whom there is neither taint of disloyalty nor defect of citizenship. For this reason I welcome the Bill which the Government have in mind, and you may rely on my hearty support. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. G. J. M. Kingston, Bedfont, Middlesex.

DEAR VICAR,—I'm rather struck with your manly article in the parish magazine, gently rubbing it into your parishioners for the measly way they have treated you in the matter of the Easter offertory, which goes in aid of your stipend. Last year the contributions amounted to about £14; this year they are £4 less. I agree with you in the hope that the falling off is not meant to imply that one short year has rubbed off £4 worth of the gilt with which you went to Bedfont. It hasn't been a time of fatness for lots of us, and doubtless parsons have had to suffer like most other folk. I am bound to say that if a vicar can and does keep us miserable sinners progressing on the road towards heaven, he ought not to suffer in his salary. As you point out, a vicar's bodily needs are much like those of his fellow creatures. "He has to pay for his food, clothing, etc., just as other folk, and therefore the people for whom he works as a spiritual pastor are supposed to give him the means of livelihood." He is not permitted to fill up his spare time cobbling boots or cutting hair, or anything of that sort, and apart from the endowment, which in most cases doesn't allow for riotous living, "the Easter offering is intended to give the people the opportunity of contributing their share as the living, Church to the maintenance of a parish clergyman." True, there is the argument, if they care to use it, that they don't ask him to come and that he is shoved on to them by the gent. who "owns" the living, whether they want him or like him or not. Confessedly that is an argument more often heard outside the Church than in it. In your case, the rate-collector and the tax-collector are after a third of your income before you get it, and your predecessor in the vicarage takes another £2 a week of it as a pension, so that in your own words, "instead of the vicar possessing inexhaustible treasure as some imagine, his income is very circumscribed indeed," and the Easter offering "is a very valuable addition to his means of livelihood." Well, you must keep a cheerful heart. I know vicars who have to go round begging old clo'; which proves that the combination of the spiritual heart and the philosophic mind is a wondrous blessing. JOHN BULL.

To Montague Sharpe, Esq., Chairman, Middlesex Quarter Sessions, Westminster.

DEAR MONTY,—It is quite true, as you say, that "the rag and bone man is a necessity of modern civilisation." He is one of the universal figures of his time, a household word, a *sine qua non* among the nations. It is astonishing how much he will take away for threepence. He carries on his back a hundred industries, and new trousers at two-and-eleven would be impossible without him. So, my dear friend, have mercy on him when he is brought before you and charged with being found on enclosed premises for the purpose of burgling a deserted rubbish heap.

JOHN BULL.

To Ernest Baggallay, Esq., Stipendiary, Lambeth.

SAPIENT CADI,—I rather like your attitude towards the small boy, if it is usually up to sample of that in the case of the four lads before you the other day, on a charge of gambling. Three of them said they didn't do it; it was the other fellow. Having, I suppose, carefully considered what the gentleman who is alleged to have written Solomon would have done in the circumstances, you let the sword of justice fall on the three and bid the other depart with the blush of innocency—fining each of the three 5s. and costs. "There," said you, "that's what you get for sneaking." For the which short, impressive sermon on loyalty and *esprit de corps* I commend you to public notice—notwithstanding the bad law!

JOHN BULL.

To Chief Constable Carmichael, Dundee.

MY DEAR POLICEMAN,—Dundee has now seen the boxing contest, arranged by Thorpe, of H.M.S. *Vulcan*, "by patronage and presence of the ship's officers," and I trust the burghers are no worse for it, your opposition and that of one or two members of the Police Committee notwithstanding. I am not at all blaming you for your opposition. The objections you made were urged in the public interest, and were inspired by the fear that having seen a boxing contest for a purse, with six-ounce gloves, Dundee would be encouraged to forsake marmalade and give each other pepper. But in this world it is a safe thing to bet that the worst never happens, and having had its punching match, Dundee does not appear to have been seriously injured in its reputation. Thus all's well that ends well. Regards to Lord Provost Urquhart and the breezy Nairn, and a guid day tae yersel'.

JOHN BULL.

To the Town Clerk, Oldham, Lancs.

DEAR SIR,—When first I heard that the Oldham and District Free Church Council and two or three other facetious bodies of the kind had made protest to your Town Council against advertisements on the tramcars of a whisky brand, I was afraid that the Oldham Society for the Suppression of the Iniquitous Traffic in Balloon Juice would petition the members against the canvasser being allowed to accept advertisements from the manufacturers of ginger pop. I am greatly relieved by the discussion in the Council. The time will yet come when ginger beer will be the backbone of the nation. If Greece, and Rome, and Carthage, and Babylonia had drunk ginger beer they would probably not have been where they are now. When our island becomes a piece of land entirely surrounded by aerated water we shall be proof against the world. Even the Kaiser will be frightened away from a country where there is nothing to drink except ginger beer.

I note that by 29 votes to 17 the Council decided that the whisky advertisement should be accepted. This is a crying shame. The whisky will be advertised where everybody can see it, even the members of the Oldham Free Church Council, and they may eventually be induced by the glowing phrases in which it is recommended to adulterate the town's water with it. If you should travel in one of the tramcars I rely upon you to avert your eyes from this lure to perdition. Meanwhile, the eye of the John Bull League is on you. JOHN BULL.

Carnegie, Scotland.

Note your statement Roosevelt and Kaiser the two most extraordinary men living. Extraordinarily extraordinary. BULL.

Halley's Comet, Heavens.

Stated your tail 15,000,000 miles long, and that we will pass through it one day this week. Can't you curl it up? BULL.

Mayor, Whitehaven.

Deepest sympathy relatives of men entombed Wellington Pit. Another reminder awful risk of miner's work. BULL.

Hooley, Papworth Hall, Cambridge.

Note that you have definitely given up company promoting. Congratulations. Always case of "Heads I win—tails you lose." Sending representative to interview you shortly. Tell him all. BULL.

William Carter, Parkstone, Dorset.

When is a conscience not a conscience? When it is transferred to a joint stock company? BULL.

HIS BEST FRIEND.

"GOOD-BYE."

OHN BULL IN THE CITY.

By Verax.

FUTURE OF THE STOCK MARKETS—INDICATIONS POINT TO UPWARD MOVEMENTS IN HOME RAILS, CANADIAN RAILS, ARGENTINES, KAFFIRS, RHODESIANS AND WEST AFRICANS.

By the time this meets the eyes of my readers the Whitsun holidays will be a memory only, and a week of the deepest mourning for our late good King will be drawing to a close. As far as one can gather from present circumstances, this account, broken as it is by holidays and mourning functions, will not be at all an active one, but there is every indication that the tone will be strong and that the tendency will be upwards. Rubber shares will no doubt be able to hold their own, pending further developments as regards the coming shortage of Brazilian crude rubber, and there is already a better tone about the oil share market. Gilt-edged stocks, under the lead of Consols, are on the upgrade, and it is curious indeed that the death of one so generally loved and looked up to as a sagacious ruler should have set Consols rising. The reason, of course, is that there is an understanding that a truce in politics will be assured for some time to come, and in Stock Exchange matters even three months is an eternity. Home Rails are coming to the front, and these promise to become very active for investment, while in the Kaffir circus there is also every indication of a coming boomlet, under the lead of Goldfields, which may even claim precedence before the rise in Rhodesians which has been so generally preached, although some of the banket shares are undoubtedly very cheap and promising. West African mines are beginning to show signs of life, especially the Prestea group, and it is here where I anticipate the sharpest movement. Argentine Government and Railway stocks I fancy most in the foreign market. It remains to be seen how far the renewed effort made by Wall Street to put up Copper Mines will prove successful, but the attempt to engineer a strong movement in these will undoubtedly be made. In fact, the rumour is current that all base metals will rise. The monetary outlook, at all events, is encouraging, and with moderately cheap money, and in the absence of political complications, the near future should be fraught with favourable developments for holders of securities, and for those who judiciously and promptly avail themselves of the opportunities which will no doubt arise of adding to their bank balances.

THE KAFFIR CIRCUS—GOLD OUTPUT FOR APRIL AND NATIVE LABOUR INCREASE—WORKING UP TO A BOOMLET.

There can be no doubt that matters in the Kaffir Circus are shaping most favourably, so much so that a boomlet can only be a matter of time, and the market will probably brace up as further Bull points crop up. At present, the April gold output of the Transvaal, and the further increase in native labour, are the supporting factors. The total output in April amounted to 619,045 ozs., of a total value of £2,629,535, an increase of 11,926 ozs. over the preceding month of March. As March had 31 days, this is, of course, a distinct improvement. In fact, the daily average works out to 20,635 ozs., as against 19,584 ozs. in March, and constitutes an actual record. The result would have been even better if a considerable portion of the newly-recruited natives were not very inexperienced, having never previously worked on the mines. Thus, mining operations have suffered somewhat, but it is a temporary matter, and as the natives become trained better results may be expected. The great point is that the supply of natives is now not only ample, but shows signs of further improvement, thus providing for the requirements of such companies as are enlarging their operations. The following figures show a further increase in natives for April, and also indicate that the gain on the gold mines since the end of January has been 23,152 boys, while the diamond mines have also obtained an additional supply :—

NATIVE LABOUR SUPPLY IN THE TRANSVAAL.

	End Feb.	End Mar.	End April.
Gold mines	169,771	178,345	183,814
Coal mines	9,311	9,375	9,300
Diamond mines	9,873	11,829	13,566
	189,135	199,549	206,680

I have of late received a good many enquiries from readers who propose investing some of the gains made in rubber in Kaffir shares, and under the circumstances, it will be convenient to the generality of readers of JOHN BULL to give them herewith my list of leading representative producing and dividend-paying mines, together with the yield and the estimated life :—

	Dividend for 1909 %	Estimated Life. Years.	High 1909	Low 1909	Present Price.	Yield † per cent. per annum £ s. d.
WERNHER BEIT GROUP.						
Crown Mines (10/-)	130*	50	9 7/16	6⅞	8 11/16	7 1 9
Ferreira Deep	52½	15	7⅞	5⅛	6	9 2 3
Nourse Mines	25*	25	4	2 13/16	3	7 19 3
Rose Deep	50	22	5⅛	4 3/16	4⅛	10 16 6
New Modderfontein (4) ..	12½	50	13 15/16	10⅛	12½d.	3 13 9
Robinson Gold (5)	30	12	11⅛	9⅛	10	15 0 0
Village Main Reef	70	7	5⅛	3⅛	4⅛	15 13 0
Durban Roodepoort	55	10	6/-	3/6	3	3 16 9
New Heriot	80	15	7	5⅛	6⅛	12 11 0
GOLDFIELDS GROUP.						
Jupiter	10*	25	1 13/16	1	1⅛	6 12 3
ROBINSON GROUP.						
Langlaagte Estate	25	30	3 11/16	2 9/16	2 15/16	8 7 9
Randfontein South	30*	50	54/-	41/3	2 5/16	14 1 0
BARNATO GROUP.						
New Primrose	55	8	3 9/16	2⅛	2 7/16	22 12 0
Witwatersrand (Knight's) ..	35	10	97/9	72/6	3⅛	9 5 9
FARRAR GROUP.						
East Rand Prop.	40	35	5 13/16	4 3/16	5⅛	7 8 0
ANGLO FRENCH GROUP.						
New Kleinfontein	25	25	58/9	46/-	2 9/16	9 17 6
ALBU GROUP.						
Meyer and Charlton ..	45	15	5⅛	2 7/16	4⅛	9 18 9
Roodepoort U.M.R. ..	17½	30	3⅛	2⅛	2⅛	6 7 7
Van Ryn	45	20	5 9/32	4 1/16	4 11/16	9 12 3
New Goch	20*	20	2⅛	1⅛	1⅛	10 10 3

* Estimated. † In this column no allowance is made for the estimated length of life.

The Rand is the only goldfield on which the length of the life of mines can be estimated with a fair amount of accuracy, for the reason, of course, that its banket formation is so regular that, apart from occasional falls, the ore is pretty uniform. A favourable point is also that working costs are decreasing, so that large quantities of low-grade ore have of recent years become payable, which formerly could not be treated at a profit. The one great drawback which existed during best part of last year was the inadequacy of the labour supply, owing to the repatriation of the Chinese, but this has now been remedied and the supply of native labour in the Transvaal is now larger than at any time before. This is very important, as the great combinations which have of late been arranged will necessitate the employment of a still larger number of boys. In a good many cases, moreover, the profits of the mines are likely to further increase. In the case of the Crown Mines, for instance, the outlook is distinctly in that direction, and in the case of the Randfontein South a further large additional plant is being erected, which should be at work towards the end of the year. For this reason the dividend is now estimated at 30 per cent., and hence the very satisfactory yield. The Randfontein Central, of the same group, is an even larger combination, and is expected to commence crushing at the end of this year, the necessary machinery being now erected, while large supplies of ore have been developed. That mine, too, should, when in full working order, pay dividends of at least 30 per cent. The New Primrose is one of the highest yielding mines, but the life is, of course, comparatively short. The best course to adopt is to pick out three or four of these high-class mines, and to form a little private trust, in which case a very high return for the money will be obtained, with very little risk. With regard to the market movements, Consolidated Goldfields have been very strong of late, and advanced to 6 13-16. It is said that the rise is due to the formation of a syndicate in Paris to buy these shares, but I should think the more natural explanation is the fact that in the Rhodesian section it holds very large interests in the banket companies, which are likely to play an important part in the near future, while the time is also drawing near when its stake in the West African market will come more prominently before the public. As to the Rand Mines, Ltd., the finance company of Messrs. Wernher, Beit and Co., there is also every prospect of handsome dividends being earned by this company, the shares in which have now rallied to 9⅜. Other shares which are of special interest, although not exactly dividend-paying yet, are Harmony Props. at 9s., City Deep at 4½, Cinderella Deep at 2⅜, Brakpan at 3. The latter are large mines now working up to dividend stage, or, at all events, to a higher dividend position than previously occupied by them. Equally promising and very cheap are the Modderfontein Government Mines of Messrs. Barnato, now quoted 1⅜, Johannesburg Consolidated Investment at 1¾, Rand Collieries, New Steyne Estates, and West Rand Consolidated.

RHODESIANS AND WEST AFRICANS—MARKING TIME, WITH INDICATIONS OF A RALLY.

The Rhodesian market has been marking time, while here and there improvements have occurred. As far as I can see at present, however, the section most likely to become

active is that of the various Shamva and other banket mines. Shamva Mines, for instance, are taking the lead at 5 5-16, and Shamva Trust are firmer at 2⅝, while Gold Schists of Rhodesia are somewhat firmer at 1⅞. Yet the two latter prices are considerably below the issue quotation, and so are Rhodesia Gold Mines and Investment of Messrs. Lewis and Marks at 1 11-16, notwithstanding the favourable news from the New Found Out. Rhodesia Mines Trust are somewhat firmer at 18s. 6d., on the coming issue of a subsidiary. How far the Abe Bailey group of Rhodesian Bankets, Eldorado, and Rhodesian Exploration will participate in the improvement remains to be seen. Amongst West Africans, the improvement to which I drew attention in the last issue has made further progress. It is true that Gold Coast Amalgamated are no higher than 4 5-16, and Ashanti Goldfields at 2¼, but the Prestea section is distinctly alive, with Prestea Block "A" at 34s. and Prestea Mines at 10s. 3d. The progress report for March, just issued, of the Prestea Block "A" furnishes remarkably favourable details with regard to the Prestea section, development having disclosed in the main shaft at 592 ft. ore assaying from 13.4 dwts. to 14.9 dwts., and again at 718 ft. 12.7 dwts., 11.1 dwts,, and 17.5 dwts. It is quite clear, therefore, that the Prestea Block "A" will acquire the Prestea Mines, but there is general complaint that so little news is made public by the directors, especially as to whether the Anfargah property, partly owned by the Prestea Mines, will also be included in the combine.

THE RUBBER MARKET—A "BEAR" ACCOUNT IN LINGGIS STRENGTHENS THE WHOLE OF THE HIGH-CLASS LIST—PLANTATION SALES FORWARD.

Harking back to last week's carry-over in the Rubber share market, I wish to point out that one of the features was the undoubted proof that the Bears had taken liberties with the market, and more especially with *Linggi*. In this they were foolish, as Linggi is one of the most strongly-supported shares. Their idea, no doubt, was that large dealings took place in the shares, and they would, therefore, easily be able to climb in, while at the same time, by putting Linggis down, causing depression in the whole of the shares. Unfortunately, the supply of shares generally at the carry-over was extremely limited, and they had to pay a backwardation on their commitments. *Linggis* have since fluctuated very strongly, but finally were dealt in at 63s. xd., as compared with the price of 62s., at which they made up. Other high-class dividend-paying shares have also been firm, *Anglo-Malay* at 31s., *Bukit Rajah* at 20, *Highlands and Lowlands* at 7¼, *Kuala Lumpur* at 11, *Malacca* Ordinary at 15, *Sumatra Para* at 14s. 6d., *United Sumatra* at 13s. 6d., and *Vallambrosa* at 52s. 6d. It remains now to be seen how the market will move during the time of enforced inactivity in view of the week of mourning, but the confirmation of the statement which I have already made of a coming shortage of rubber will be found in the fact that after the Mincing Lane auctions had passed off fairly satisfactorily up to 11s. 5d. for fine smoked sheet, the announcement has been made that the *Yatiyantota Ceylon Tea* Company has sold its entire crop of rubber for 1911 at a price equivalent to a sale in London at about 10s. per lb. This certainly does not look as if any pronounced setback in rubber was coming in the near future. Para rubber, after being easier, has steadied again, fine hard Para spot at 10s. 5½d., and forward up to 10s. 7½d. The next plantation sales will be held on the 19th inst. I drew attention last week to the high-class shares, in which investors could have a fair run for their money, and I may mention that among the lower-priced shares which are at present cheap, there are *Malang Rubber*, 1s. 6d. paid, at 1s. 6d.—2s. premium; *Dolok* (*Sumarra*), 4s. shares, 1s. paid, at 1s. premium (both of which have improved since I mentioned them last week), and *Simpang* (*Sumatra*) shares of £1 each, 15s. paid, at ¼ premium; Molesworth Brothers at 3s. 6d. to 3s. 9d. The Secretary of the Anglo-Belgian (Sierra Leone) Corporation states that, according to cable advices, shipments of produce, consisting of rubber, palm oil and kernels, have now commenced per s.s. *Muraji*, and will be continued weekly.

THE OIL SHARE MARKET DISTINCTLY STRONGER—PRODUCING SHARES ADVANCE—MAIKOPS BETTER.

The market for Oil shares is distinctly firmer since I wrote on this subject last week, and the leading producing shares are well in advance of the movement. *Burmah* have risen to 6¼ xd., *Baku* to 6s., *Assam* to 15s. 6d., while *Shell Transport* are up at 97s. 6d. *Spies* are being dealt in at 29s. 6d. Amongst the companies that are as yet developing, in anticipation of producing, *London and Maikop Corporation* have hardened to ⅜ premium, while *Anglo-Maikop* are up at 1 premium, *Maikop Trust* at 1 1-16 premium, *Maikop Spies* at 19s. 6d. *Maikop Valley* are quoted 3-16 premium, *Maikop European and General* at 4s. 3d., *Maikop Premier* at ⅜ premium, *Maikop Pipe Line* at 1-16 premium. Anglo-Roumanian are firmer at 1 to 1⅛, and *Black Sea* Preferred at 1 11-16. The *Mexican Eagle Oil Company* has met with an excellent reception, have been considerably oversubscribed. I fully anticipate that in the course of the next few weeks a much bigger market will develop in the oil section, and it should not be forgotten that the London and Maikop Oil Corporation is now boring, and that we may have some favourable news very soon, either from that company, or various others which have now commenced working. The shares of the Franklin Oil Company are coming into demand at 1⅜ per Five Dollar (£1) share. This Company has properties covering 538 acres in Rockland, County Pennsylvania, U.S.A., 12 miles from Franklin, where one of the largest oil refineries in the United States is located. Two new wells were completed during April, the production from which was fully up to the original estimates of earnings. It shows that 100 new wells producing only four barrels per day would pay 40 per cent. on the shares. Two more new wells are to be completed in the middle of the month, and the Company intend drilling until 200 new wells have been put down. The shares are being introduced on the Paris Bourse.

A CHAPTER ON HOME RAILS—AN UPWARD MOVEMENT INITIATED.

At last there seems to be a fair prospect of Home Rails again coming into demand, after the protracted depression, which almost amounted to a boycott. The news of the death of the late King caused a temporary decline, on fears that the national mourning would greatly interfere with passenger traffic on the railways, but a sharp recovery followed when it was discovered that what the companies would "lose on the roundabouts they would gain on the swings." In other words, the dislocation of the ordinary traffic would be compensated for by the huge influx expected in London, and to some extent in Windsor, in connection with the Royal funeral, the ceremonies connected with the inauguration of the new reign, etc. The following table shows, more particularly, the course of quotations of leading stocks during this eventful week:—

	Highest, 1910.	Lowest, 1910.	May 6, 1910.	Present prices
North Western	136½	130	133	135½
Gt. Central Pref.	24½	20	22½	2[illegible]
Gt. Northern Def.	46	40½	44	45½
Gt. Eastern	67½	59½	63½	65½
Brighton "A"	95	82½	89½	92½
Midland Def.	60½	56½	57½	59½
Hull and Barnsley	67½	53½	63½	67½
North Eastern	133½	127½	130½	132½
North Western	124½	118½	120½	123
Dover "A"	40½	29½	37½	39½
North British	32½	27½	30	31½

The above table shows that, except in the case of Hull and Barnsley, which now stand at a record high level, the week's recovery has not yet brought prices back to the highest level touched this year, while there is a greater disparity still when comparison is made with the quotations attained in 1909. Then, North Western, for instance, touched 139. Now that monetary and political conditions are much more reassuring, intrinsic merits have greater effect, and a further substantial improvement in Home Rails would be fully justified. The important fact should also be borne in mind that present quotations contain nearly five months' dividend, and that the dividend outlook for the current half-year is very encouraging.

MOUNT LYELL CONSOLS COPPER.

The American reports about copper are very much more satisfactory, and, in consequence, a distinct rally has taken place in the quotation of all the principal copper shares. Amalgamated Copper, Anacondas, etc., have all improved considerably in value. But to-day I wish to draw the attention of my readers to some of the lower-priced shares which are offering considerable chances, and at the same time do not involve any great risk. A company, the shares of which seem to be very much undervalued, is the Mount Lyell Consols. Production with one shift has been in progress for some time, and the company has been almost paying its way, but a cable now to hand states that a second shift is to start next week, so that good profits should be earned almost immediately, more especially if it is taken into account that the mine is a clay proposition, and that working expenses are in consequence very low. An addi-

tional attraction is the probability of the Mount Lyell North ore being encountered at depth, as there richest ore is taken out at no great depth, and not far from the Lyell Consols boundary. As a matter of fact, it is under consideration to start boring for this lode almost immediately. What it would mean to the Consols Mine if this ore body were met with (which is more than probable) we need not state, but that the shares would not be obtainable at anything like their present quotation of about 4s. is certain. The shares have already been quoted at about 17s. 6d., and at a time when the prospects were not nearly so bright as at the present. The company has ample working capital, and I believe that I am doing my readers a turn in drawing their attention to the shares of this company.

HOMESTEADS, LIMITED.

The accounts of this company, just published, for the year 1909 do not err on the side of lucidity. Against the liability to "depositors and certificate holders" of £139,568 5s. there are assets consisting of "mortgages and sundry debtors" £108,404 10s. 5d., and "freehold land and houses, leasehold premises and other property, including deposits on uncompleted purchases at manager's valuation," £57,166 8s. 1d. Taking these two items together, there is not much margin for the depositors and certificate holders, but when it is remembered that the land, houses and leasehold premises are at "manager's valuation," and that deposits on uncompleted purchases are also taken as assets, the position is not very satisfactory. The properties ought to be taken at cost price, or, at any rate, at selling value fixed by a competent authority. And who are the "sundry debtors"? And, by the way, who is Mr. E. Furnival Jones, the auditor? Is he a chartered accountant? It is especially desirable, in the interests of the large number of depositors and certificate holders, that the points we have raised should be fully enquired into, as this is essentially a one man company—Mr. William Carter, the chairman, controlling the whole of its affairs, the other directors being one of his sons and Mr. Robert Cameron, M.P., an octogenarian Scottish preacher and temperance advocate—not exactly an ideal director for dealing with the intricate question of land and estate development.

JOHN BULL'S FINANCIAL LETTER-BOX.

(1) Letters containing enquiries must be addressed to the City Editor, John Bull, 2, Copthall Buildings, E.C. The names and addresses of correspondents must be enclosed, not, of course, for publication, but in token of good faith. Anonymous communications will be disregarded.

(2) Correspondents should adopt either a nom-de-plume, or mention initials under which the replies will appear in the paper. The stocks or subjects inquired about should also be numbered.

(3) Replies are only made in the ordinary way through the columns of this journal under the above heading, and not by letter.

(4) In no circumstances will the proprietors undertake the sale or purchase of stocks or shares.

(5) If inquirers wish it, the names and addresses of respectable firms of stockbrokers, members of the London Stock Exchange, for transacting business, will be supplied to them, in which case a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.

(6) A Postal Order for 1/- must accompany each Financial or Insurance Enquiry.

£50 to £100 Investment.—A. B.— You would be better advised to look for a somewhat smaller rate of interest, and complete safety. Why not put the money into a good Colonial Government bond, such as West Australian 3½ per cent., at about 98?

Amalgamated Properties.—J. F. J.—Yes, Amalgamated Properties of Rhodesia might with advantage be bought on the reaction; Oils and Rubbers you will find in my article. Your first request is complied with.

Anglo-Dutch Plantations of Java.—R. J. S.—These stand at a small premium, and on any further improvement you might sell. I have sent what you require.

Cotton Growing.—Draper.—You will find that such experimental and semi-patriotic concerns are not generally a success, at least not until they have been in existence for a long time.

Para (Marajo) Islands Rubber.—Constant Reader.—I think the criticism is not justified in its entirety, but the shares are no catch. You are, however, liable for the full calls.

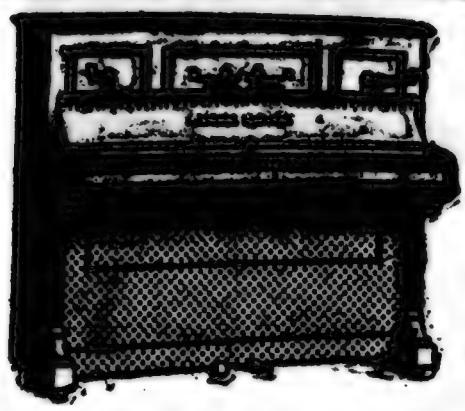
Oil Shares.—Dan.—These shares are a fair gamble, and there is no option but to hold. You would not, however, expect dividends already. Drill.—(1) Fairly so, but, of course, highly speculative. (2) There is a nominal quotation for them—viz., 1-16 discount to 1-16 premium. (3) You are looking for dividends too quickly. (4) Yes, and you would be better advised to buy through a broker.

Lake View Consols.—Novice.—A fair investment, and no reason to sell at once. They have not only their mine, but also various other speculative investments, which may prove successful. Hold. I cannot advise on the safety of outside brokers.

Premium Bonds.—H. W. M.—It is the usual run of Premium Bonds. Of course, you do not expect to make a fortune out of these. I have sent the name of the foreign banker in London. W. L. (Leeds).—I have, in accordance with your request, forwarded you the address of a suitable firm. G. W. W.—Same reply as to "W. L. (Leeds)." Killrin.—The two addresses have been forwarded to you, but you will have yourself to ask the stockbroker for the prices of options. F. W. H.—I sent you this address as the firm will, on application, be pleased to advise you, for a small charge, with regard to the position and prospects of these bonds.—E. H. M.—What you require has been despatched in your envelope.

£5 Investment.—Ignoramus.—If you take my advice, you will put this £5 in the Post Office Savings Bank. It is too small for investment in stocks or shares.

(Continued on page 749.)



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EIGHT HOLDINGS.—ADMINISTRATOR.—Apart from No. 1—which, however, are not progressive—the holdings in question are all either indifferent or distinctly poor, and I should advise taking an opportunity of relieving yourself of the same, and investing the proceeds in more attractive securities.

ASHANTI LANDS.—PEALIM.—(1) It is as broad as it is long, and you will be bound by the decision of the meeting. (2) As with Marconi's Wireless Telegraph Company there is no option but to hold.

AMERICAN RAILS AND OIL SHARES.—IRONMONGER.—Canadian Pacifics (2) are a good investment, likely to further rise. (3) A high-class London joint stock bank. (4) London and Maikop Corporation, now 5-16 premium, are likely to improve. (1) Are too highly speculative. You will gather some cheap Rubber shares from my article.

KAFFIR SHARES FOR INVESTMENT.—C. D. (Bath).—The shares Nos. 2, 3, 4, 6, 7 are all dividend-paying gold mines of high class. You will find particulars of several in to-day's table. No. 1, Consolidated Goldfields are now advancing. Nos. 5 and 10 are second class. Randfontein South (8) should pay 30 per cent. when the additional plant is at work. No. 11 is a speculative Transvaal Land Company.

RUBBERS.—W. G. R. G.—I do not care for the shares in question, especially as there is no free market in the same. Disregarding temporary fluctuations, Anglo-Malay, Linggis, and Vallambrosa would be suitable for your purpose, especially if you await your opportunity to get in on a reaction. NEMO.—I do not like either of these two shares, and the same advice as to "W. G. R. G." applies to you.

VARIOUS.—DOUBTFUL.—I have nothing to add to what I have already mentioned on the subject. You can still make good investments in Home Rails to give about the yield in question. Why not buy Brighton A, especially on any temporary reaction? The clearer political situation is an important Bull point for this department.

INDUSTRIALS, MINES, RUBBERS.—PILGRIM.—The following are the best shares on your list:—Liptons, Straits Bertam, Sumatra Para, United Sumatra, Baku. As regards mines, some of the cheap South Africans and Jungles should suit you, such as Harmony Props., Amalgamated Props., and Prestea Mines. If you have a sharp broker, he will be able to deal for you to the best advantage.

MAIKOP SPIES AND INTERNATIONAL SPIES.—J. E. (Aberdeen.—You seem to have got very high into these shares, which I have never recommended. But they are fair value, and as Oil shares are improving again, you should hold for a recovery.

FOREIGN MUNICIPAL CO.—SEVERAL READERS.—This company has not been floated in London, and nothing is known to its advantage. I should certainly advise you not to invest in it, as there is generally no market for such shares.

OIL COMPANY OF CANADA.—NOVICE.—(1) This company does not appear to have been very successful on flotation, and the shares are quoted barely at par. At the same time, the Oil share market is improving, and you had better await a possible improvement. (2) No, this is a craze which will work itself out, when the investment will be worthless.

SOCONUSCO RUBBER.—J. S. G.—(1) This company is not quoted in London. (2) When did you buy these shares, at what price, and where are the offices? (3) There are some inside brokers of this name, but the style of the firm is different, and I fancy those enquired about are outside brokers. What is the Christian name and address?

MOLESWORTH BROS. RUBBER ESTATES.—J. B. READER.—(1) Yes, on a reaction. (2) At present on a small scale. (3, 4) Fair. (5, 6) The offices are at 101, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.

RANDFONTEIN ESTATES, ETC.—ANSWERS (Manchester.)—Randfontein Estates (2) are in better demand now at 2 7-16. They will not pay dividends until their great subsidiaries, Randfontein Central and South, pay full dividends by the end of the year. (1) Knight Central now stand at about 2, and are now doing better. (3) No late news available.

NEW ZEALAND OILFIELDS AND OTHERS.—OMEGA.—New Zealand Oilfields (1) stand at 3d. discount to 3d. premium only, and the others (2—4) are also below your price; but the Oil share market is rallying and you had better hold. (6) A fair Rubber share. (7) Harmony Props. are promising. (8) Not likely to set the Thames on fire. PUZZLED.—(a) With some patience, these shares should rally again. (b) Hold for a recovery, which is probable. You ought, however, to have a stockbroker, member of the Stock Exchange, to advise you.

RUBBERS, ETC.—AJAX (Dublin).—As regards your questions, Nos. 1 and 2, I advise dealing only with members of the Stock Exchange. The two Rubber shares, Nos. 3 and 4, are quoted at slight premiums, and if you can get out without a loss, you might as well do so, as these shares are not in the front rank.

OIL WHARVES COMPANY.—G. F. P.—You cannot call such investments "perfectly safe." This can only be obtained in gilt-edged securities. The concern mentioned is a fair Industrial risk, but I would not care to invest in the shares, as there is no free market in the same.

SMALL INVESTMENT.—B. D.—Only for very small sums. DEPOSITOR.—Same reply as to "B. D."

FOUR HOLDINGS.—EARLSDON.—(1) All Breweries are under a cloud, and you should sell on any favourable opportunity. (2) I do not think much of these Bank shares, considering that they only stand at £3 per £5 share, and do not pay dividends. (4) I cannot enter into such polemics, but if you are uneasy, why not sell and go into some other Rubber shares—Malang, Simpang, Dolok, and Molesworths, for instance?

W. E. WATTS AND CO.—M. R. M.—I regret being unable to give you any information regarding this concern. It does not even appear in the usual books of reference. You might make inquiries in Bristol or Birmingham.

MOLESWORTHS.—KINSHA.—(1) You certainly paid too much for Molesworths, which I cannot trace having touched 6s. 3d. on the date in question. This comes of buying through bankers instead of a stockbroker. (2) Petroleum Options might come again to the front presently. (3) Consult my articles. RIDGE.—There is no option but to hold Molesworths, which should come right in the near future. They have only just emerged from the effects of the special settlements in the shares.

NIGERIAN TIN.—NIGRETIA.—At the time of writing, the market price of the Nigerian Tin Corporation Shares is ½ premium, but quite nominal.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—S.O.L.D.—(1) You must regard this as a dead loss. If you attempt to sue them they will either plead the Gaming Act or decamp altogether. In future deal only with members of the Stock Exchange. (2) Brokers will advise you, but will not open stocks until you formally instruct them. (3) I cannot advise with regard to the exact status of such outside concerns. Ordinary brokers certainly also advise their clients with regard to investments.

SAFE INVESTMENTS.—BLIGHTER (Brixton).—If you want absolute safety, you will have to confine your attention to what are known as the "trustee" group, such as Home Government securities and the best class of Colonial Government Bonds. Amongst the latter, New South Wales and Western Australian 3 per cent. issues would be most suitable. Good second-class investments include Japanese 4 per cents., Brazil Gold Loan 1910, and Chinese Imperial Railway Loan. Then come Argentine Great Western 5 per cent. Third Debentures and Elder Dempster 5 per cent. Debentures. Gas Light and Coke Ordinary are a fair holding, and preferable to the Goldsmiths shares in question. The order of marketability is in accordance with the status, as set forth.

RUBBERS, OILS.—R. B. E.—(1) Very little market at present, no option but to hold. (2) Quoted about par; ditto. (3) 6d. premium; you might as well hold for the present.

RHODESIANS, ETC.—G. W.—Hold both Amalgamated Props. (1) and Exploring Land and Minerals (2), which should go better along with other Rhodesians. As regards the Anglo-Roumanian Produce Co. (3), this concern is going from bad to worse, but if you hold any shares therein, I do not see how you can get rid of them, as there is no market in the same.

EIGHT RUBBER SHARES.—PORTHOS.—Nos. 4 and 5 are the best of these shares. No. 2 also are cheap, and I understand that Madagascar Ordinary (3) are on the eve of a rise. Take a fair profit.

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THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. Clement Scott.

Yvette Guilbert.

Yvette Guilbert has returned to us once more! She is a wonderful woman, and I who sat in the Hippodrome Theatre on May 9th, 1910, could scarce believe that it was exactly sixteen years ago when Yvette made her first bow to London at the Empire in Leicester Square.

What is it that is so magnetic about Madame Guilbert now? What was it then? Her songs are of the simplest at the present moment, and still she holds you wrapt and absorbed by her strange and altogether unique delivery.

When Yvette was induced to try her powers on an English audience in 1894 a poet was called upon to describe her appearance in the theatre and the effect she made, and—except for the donning of a black gown in lieu of a white one—no pen could give a finer impression of this remarkable *diseuse*. Here is part of what he says of her :—

"Softly—impressively—there stepped on to the stage a rare but quietly assertive personality. It was a woman. A woman tall, but unquestionably interesting; a woman who is a seeming mixture of innocence and suggestiveness—a woman in a simple white gown with long black gloves; a woman with just a dash of pink colour to break the daring freak of black and white; a woman who compelled everyone to look at her. Why? She is not beautiful, she is not coquettish, she is not trimmed up with ribbons and laces and furbelows. No, she is only a tall, white-robed, interesting woman with ripe corn-coloured hair, making those in the audience of French origin think of Alfred de Musset, and the students of English origin turn their thoughts to Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

"Who was this strange woman who might have been the heroine of either poet's wild romance? It was Yvette Guilbert, the singer and artist who has given to the *café chantant* a gift that might have been used to the highest and noblest purposes. Every look, every gesture goes straight home—she magnetises her audience. She has power, she has poetry, she has observation, she has caricature. Her art is a splendid gift, and not to see Yvette Guilbert would be to neglect the study of one of the most extraordinary artistic influences of our time. Her genius dazzles—she is one of the dramatic lucifers of our time and strikes on a box that never fails to illuminate." Yvette is again with us. She has not changed one whit!

At the Coliseum.

On July 15th, 1893—almost seventeen years ago—at the Oxford Music Hall there came on to the stage as an "extra turn" a slight, girlish figure clad in a simple little gown, who announced her intention of giving imitations of certain well-known celebrities. It was Cissie Loftus. Her success was instantaneous, and from that day to this she, the queen of mimics, has had many imitators, but no one to equal, let alone surpass, her. The kingdom of mimicry is essentially hers, and it is wonderful how she acquired the gift considering that she came straight from a convent school to the music-hall stage. The conditions of theatrical life, even at best, are not of a kind that seem to harmonise with a semi-religious education; and the variety theatre, although an excellent institution, does not seem exactly the ideal succession to a convent school.

What is so charming about Miss Loftus's performance, though, is that she never caricatures the people she elects to imitate, but presents to us all the good of her fellow artistes, discarding all that is bad.

And now Cissie Loftus is with us again after a lengthy tour through the United States, where she has established herself a firm favourite both on the variety and legitimate stage.

The evening I went to the Coliseum she was in her very best form. Nothing could be more perfect than her imitation of Ada Reeve singing, "Sue, Sue, Sue." Every intonation of the voice, every mannerism was there. This is more than mere cleverness—it is genuine art. But it did not matter whether it was as Alfred Lester, Caruso, Ellaline Terriss or Harry Lauder, Cecilia Loftus scored all the time, and it is not surprising that she gained for herself an enthusiastic greeting at the end of her performance.

Cecilia is one of the few real English artists we have, and the tribute to her talents was well earned and deservedly merited.

Answer to Correspondent.

Louis XI.—Sorry have mislaid your card. In 1878 the Duc de Nemours was played by Frank Tyars (not Frank Cooper, as you say), and Martha by Mrs. Chippendale. In 1883, William Terriss was Nemours, and Louisa Payne, Martha. In 1885 George Alexander played Nemours and Miss Payne again took the part of Martha, but in 1890 Terriss was once more Nemours and, as I said, Kate Phillips acted as Martha. Many thanks all the same for your kind note.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

See page ii. of Cover.

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Is a cleverly written book which can easily be understood by all. The "Money Spinner" deals clearly with every method of Stock and Share dealing, showing how

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ROUND THE SOCIETIES.

OUR WEEKLY BULLETIN.

By TOM ORMEROD.

ASSOCIATED TEMPERANCE UNION, LIMITED.

At the fifteenth general meeting of the above Union, the President, in bringing forward the annual report, congratulated the shareholders on their connection with such a going concern. He also remarked on the happy coincidence that at a time when the Brewing trade was declining, profits on cocoa were rising by leaps and bounds. It was an open secret, he said, that many of the Union's most self-sacrificing supporters were directly or indirectly interested in the latter trade. This was as it should be, since those who draw their dividends from such an eminently clean business are *ipso facto* laying up to themselves just as great store in heaven. He hoped that during the coming year they would be able to ruin and turn on to the streets at least ten thousand families connected with the accursed licensing trade. This might seem to some a cruel pronouncement, but his conscience told him that it would be for the good of their own souls, and he always believed what his conscience told him.

SUNDAY OBSERVANCE ALLIANCE.

At a meeting held last Sunday at Dulwich a thanksgiving prayer was offered up for so pleasing a succession of wet Sundays, but an unseemly incident marred the serenity of the proceedings. The President, in the course of an eloquent address, was remarking that they had been accused of trying to make Dulwich dull, which was absurd, when a deluded individual at the back of the hall, thinking the speaker had been guilty of an intentional pun, chuckled audibly.

The President, however, was equal to the occasion. After sternly reproving the offender and pointing out that if he needs must laugh, he should reserve his mirth till midnight had struck, he ordered him to leave the hall, and later urged upon all and sundry the religious duty of boycotting so obscene a person's shop for the future.

There was a pretty and affecting sequel, however, wonderfully typical of the true milk of human kindness. The meeting was on the point of breaking up when a note was handed up to the President, who, opening it, discovered a cheque for £10 towards the funds of the Alliance. With tears in his eyes the President admitted that he had perhaps been hasty—(No, no)—and begged the congregation to forgive the repentant outcast. A resolution to that effect was at once carried, many of those present insisting that from the first they had been hopeful of the best.

SOME CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

MATRIMONY.—Gentleman holding important appointment and desiring to enter Parliament, wishes to meet affectionate lady of means and social standing.

ADVICE and sympathy given by a woman of the world who has had great experience; 5s. for half-hour's interview.

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WANTED, for Sussex coast, tall, strong, reliable young woman.

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YOU MAY CUT WOOD WITH YOUR RAZOR

and then shave with more comfort than you ever shaved before by passing it a few strokes over the CHEMICAL

"KEMIKOL" RAZOR SHARPENER,

Military Pattern. Price 2/6. Handled Pattern. No. 1 2/-

A new invention utilising chemically-dissolved metal for sharpening, producing the keenest edge, and preserving the life of the razor. A few strokes SHARPENS THE DULLEST RAZORS, AND ALL SORTS OF SAFETY BLADES.

Anyone can operate it, and no one who enjoys comfort in shaving can afford to be without it.

Post free, 2s. 6d.

FREE TRIAL.

Any reader of JOHN BULL wishing to try our sharpener before buying, who will write us a postcard, will receive one by return of post. If you are pleased with the sharpener when you receive it you may send us the 2/6 and keep it. We do not wish your money until you are satisfied. When ordering, write for particulars of valuable prizes we are offering.

ACTUAL PROOF. We have men employed daily at our demonstration depots—30, Bishopsgate Within, E.C., 300, High Holborn—proving to thousands the merits of this sharpener by actually cutting wood with the razor and then restoring to it the keenest edge. WRITE TO-DAY TO

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Send Post Card for Catalogue

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The "Express" English Lever is British throughout, and incorporates every modern perfection. Splendid ¼-plate movement, jewelled, with Compensating Chronometer Balance, Breguet hairspring. Absolutely accurate. Full Size Cases beautifully modelled in sterling silver, or Handsome Rolled Gold Finished plain.

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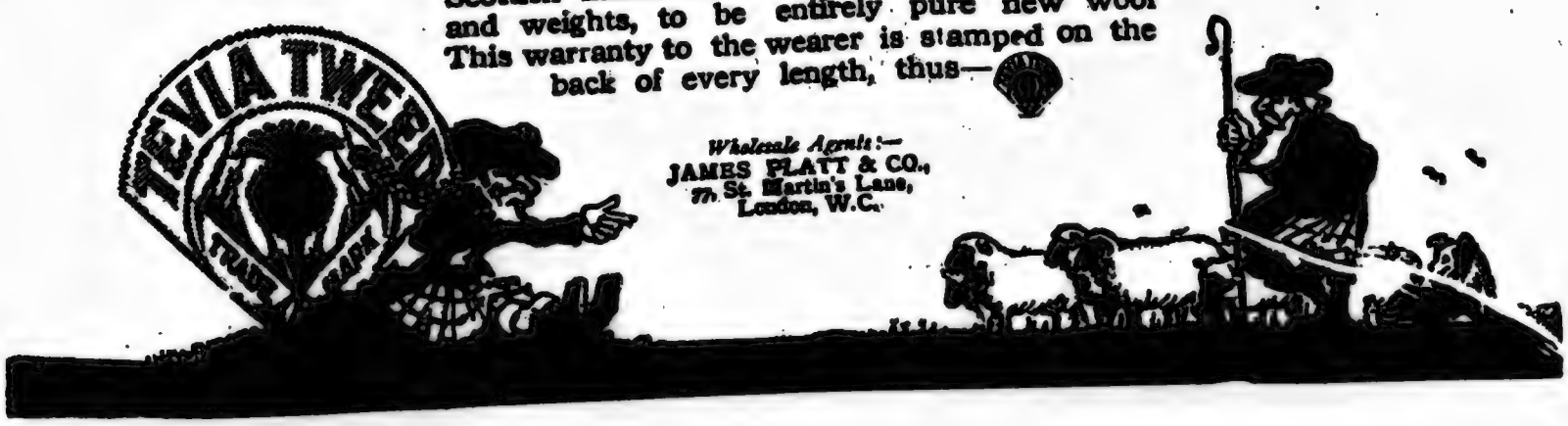

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THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE.

President—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, Esq., M.P.

Objects: To stamp out Cant and Self-Righteousness; to abolish Cranks and Killjoys; to create a robust and self-reliant Public Opinion; and to promote a Common Sense, Business Government for a Common Sense, Business People.

THE LIVERPOOL MEETING.

From reports which reach us from members, the visit of the President next week to the second city in the Empire is being keenly looked forward to. Already applications from Liverpool and the surrounding districts are reaching us, but the reserved accommodation will be strictly limited. The arrangements will be in the hands of the Local Secretary, Mr. J. HOLDEN-BERRY, of Victoria Chambers, 60, Victoria Street, Liverpool, who is communicating with the members on the Local Register in regard to them. St. George's Hall is one of the most magnificent Town Halls in the country, and we anticipate another remarkable demonstration.

BRANCH REPORTS.

PORTSMOUTH.—A public debate was held on the 4th inst., at the Richmond Hotel, to discuss the question of the Municipal grant of £3,500 for the purpose of entertaining the British Association. The Local Chairman, Mr. Councillor J. Bishop, J.P., presided over a very large attendance and a lively discussion ensued. An interesting musical programme was also a feature of the evening.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—The first meeting of the local branch of the League is being convened for the purpose of electing a Committee and officers. Since the President's recent visit, great interest has been aroused in the League, and the membership is rapidly increasing. As will be seen by a reference to our article, headed "Police Supervision," appearing in this issue, the Local Secretaries have lost no time in bringing to our notice a flagrant case of police persecution. Mr. A. J. Coxon has assumed the Local Secretaryship for Gateshead, and from all accounts will shortly have a very influential branch.

MIDDLESBROUGH.—Mr. John Ross having resigned, Mr. W. A. Neasham, of 29, Queen's Terrace, has been appointed Local Secretary. Mr. Neasham has lost no time in looking up members in his district, and has already forwarded to the Central Office a long list of new members he has obtained.

MANCHESTER.—The General Secretary has arranged a conference with the Local Secretaries in Manchester for the purpose of organising this Branch, which in membership is one of the largest in the country. Since the President's visit to the Free Trade Hall in December last it has steadily grown and an active campaign is to be embarked upon.

NORTH LONDON.—Mr. F. K. Douglas, the Hon. Secretary, informs us that an Open-Air Campaign Committee has been formed, and that several successful meetings have already taken place. We have under consideration a Mass Meeting in North London to be addressed by the President at an early date. Full particulars will be announced later.

BRIGHTON.—Following our meeting at Liverpool, we are endeavouring to arrange for a great demonstration in The Dome, to be addressed by the President. We hope to announce the date next week.

NOTTINGHAM.—We were on the point of completing arrangements for a meeting in the Albert Hall, to be held to-morrow, the 20th inst., to be addressed by the President, but the lamented death of His Majesty King Edward VII. of course necessitated its abandonment. We shall, however, endeavour to arrange an early fixture, probably immediately after the Brighton meeting.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

We desire to impress upon our readers who may wish to join the League the necessity of filling up the following application form (which should be forwarded to the Central Office, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C., *or to the nearest Local Secretary*), in order that they may be properly enrolled.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.

The Secretary, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.

Please enrol me as a Member of the JOHN BULL LEAGUE.

Name .....

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Send Postcard for FREE PATTERNS.

Together with patterns, we send you fashion plates and complete instructions for accurate self-measurement, and tape measure. We fit you no matter where you live or refund the full amount of your purchase-money.

AWARDED "2 GOLD MEDALS."

Read our unique list of unsolicited testimonials. £5,000 forfeited if not absolutely genuine.

Gold Medal Suits to Measure from 21/- to 45/-

Those residing in London should call.

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THE WORLD'S MEASURE TAILORS, SAMPLE SECTION,
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LOTUS are produced under conditions the most favourable to good boot making.

Their manufacture proceeds regularly and carefully all the year round, and is quite free from the rushes which are so prevalent in the boot trade. The Lotus organisation is unique in being able to anticipate sales, and prepare quietly and slowly ample stock in advance.

Time is essential to the execution of the first-class work found in every pair of Lotus.

Further, regularity of production has developed a thorough system of supervision, and led to the acquirement by each department of a special aptitude for doing its part.

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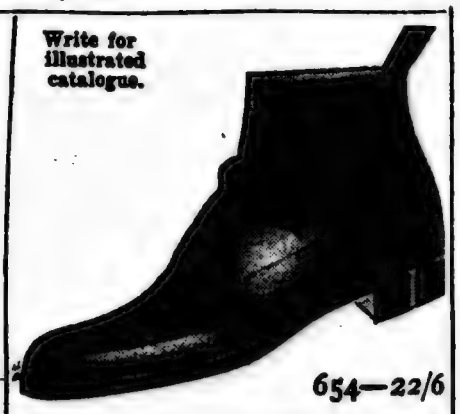

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Write LOTUS, STAFFORD, for style booklet illustrating shoes in colours and local agent's address. 60 Agents in London and 400 in the Provinces.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

The Peace-Keeper.

Since I last put pen to paper we have lost our dear King, and the whole nation of women is transformed as by a black shadow. Wherever you go you meet those sable figures, or parti-coloured figures hurriedly carrying home large parcels containing obvious hats to meet the sorrowful emergency! It is quite pathetic to go to the really poor districts of London and to see the struggling working women, factory hands and artizans' wives, all wearing hats of shabby black they can rake together, as they hurry on their little household errands. The most wretched denizens of slumland have donned the outward signals of grief, in real, sober earnest. The other day I heard two tiny girls of the poor—twins of four!—say solemnly, "The Keeper's dead!" The park-keeper was the nearest idea to a King that they could grasp. But, looked at in his character of European Peace-keeper, one felt that the name was not unworthy of the great dead, and had its own pathos.

Society and Change.

But those of us who lightly talk of now giving up all sorts of social engagements and of wearing black for months to come, hardly realise, perhaps, how many social changes must of necessity follow this huge event. Our first experience must, of course, be the sadness and *ennui* following on a great grief, and unless I am much mistaken, this will be a summer specially devoted to out-of-door recreations. People must do something, and all showy or formal festivities having been abandoned by common consent, we shall be fairly driven out of doors to tennis, golf, hockey, cricket, boating, riding, swimming, and ruralising generally. This necessity should have splendid results. The late nights and stuffy places of a London season's gaieties are ruination to the nerves as well as to beauty. If we have a good summer the enforced habit (this year) may very much alter the course of other seasons. In such ways reforms do come and have come. The new Queen is herself fond of "picnicking" generally, though she is not a sportswoman in the formal sense of the term, and it is expected that she will make herself a very decided social leader, and have a great "say" in all the future ways of our women's world. And she loves fresh air!

The Blue-Stocking's Hour.

Another effect that the mourning will have will most certainly be to make people read more. And the temporary check in the usual "rush" of social life will not be the only reason, though that is the chief factor. But the new King and Queen are both very literary in taste, and we shall most certainly see a revival of both literature and the drama at a very early period of their reign. People who have "never had time" to read of late years will have to polish up their rusty wits a bit this summer by taking up a course of reading—that is, if they don't want to look small when they come back into general society; and the picture galleries will now be visited by those who want to hold their own in ordinary conversation in future, unless I am very much misled. The new Queen, though no pedant, is devoted to pictures, and is an expert judge of art, the drama, and needlework. By the bye, I wonder whether we shall see crocheting and knitting in society, now, as in the crinoline days? I shouldn't wonder! People are capable of anything in imitation, but in this case the imitation will do some of our idlers good. It is quite time the art of the needle came back again.

Sable Weeds.

As for mourning in-dress it is absurd to suppose that people of limited means—unless they are absolutely affected—will try to keep that up all the year, or even all through the summer. So many girls and women had already invested in their summer frocks, or will be obliged to use up some of last year's to carry them through the needs of a summer, and they would be foolish indeed to try to play at being Court ladies by wearing heavy black through all the sunny months. Black will, of course, predominate for "finishings," and many girls will keep to black hats, shoes, stockings and sun-shades; and with these, of course, a very obvious solution is a cheap white dress or two. That kind of complimentary half-mourning will be all that the majority of young people will go in for this summer. Fortunately violet is in such vogue this year that most people possess one violet frock, and this, with black touches, will be quite mourning enough. Also, it is an odd fact that pale grey is very much to the fore amongst the new dress fabrics, and it, and all dull silvery sheens, and many of the shades of lavender—the more blue tints—count as correct for the purpose. Black voiles, mounted on white or heliotrope, will be much worn; and the long flowing veils, draped from the hat brim, of French mourning, will bring the vogue of the "flop" veil back again into our midst. A plain straw hat trimmed solely with one of these and a string of large dull jet beads is one of the most becoming, as well as the cheapest, of the moment's hats.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

See page ii. of Cover.

ARE YOU DEAF?

THE STOLZ ELECTROPHONE WILL AID YOU.

Electrophone in Use—Less Conspicuous than Eye-Glasses.

It is a tiny Pocket Telephone for the deaf that fits on the ear, and is the **One Instrument in the World to Improve the Natural Hearing.** It can be tested in your own home for fifteen days, and no one is obliged to purchase unless convinced that the **Stolz Electrophone** will aid them. In the **Stolz Electrophone** the articulation and the tones are clear. The voice of the speaker appears perfectly natural. All the parts are of convenient size, and when in use the instrument is **less conspicuous than eyeglasses.**

Thousands of Testimonials

can be seen at the offices of the company. Over 80,000 Electrophones in use.

THE LONDON GENERAL MANAGER

of one of the Largest Insurance Companies in the world—the original letter will gladly be shown to anyone calling at our Fleet Street Offices—writing as recently as April 8th, 1910, says: "I have used ear instruments, both mechanical and electrical, for the past twelve years, having tried from time to time nearly every appliance that has been brought out for deaf people, but I have no hesitation in saying that your ELECTROPHONE surpasses them all, and in my opinion is far away the best aid for deaf people which has so far been invented."

Particulars Post Free on Application.

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BULL'S EYES.

Notes of Interrogation:—

Will the political parties "agree to *defer*"?
Why not *try* a Business Government?
Don't they know how to treat a Guest in East Dorset?
Shouldn't airship inventions be self-supporting?
Is East Northants in want of Money?
Isn't the Crystal Palace in a very awkward position?
Does Godalming like being run down by motorists?
Isn't keeping a diary an everyday error?
Did M. Paulhan refuse to pay his fine because he couldn't raise the wind?
Is there any connection between raw rubber and cooked accounts?
Will the Little Theatre make big profits?
Will the Labour victory in the Commonwealth make wealth common?
Shouldn't the Labour delegates who are "looking for poverty" in Germany have stayed at home?
Does the writer in the *Jewish World*, who laments the disappearance of the Jewish beard, mean that the race is getting too barefaced?

A weekly paper announces a competition in which everyone is to get a prize. Any surprises?

We hear a great deal of talk about the size of the smart woman's hat. But there's nothing in it.

"Is Your Grocer an F. G. I.?" asks the *Express*. We don't care an F. I. G.

We hear of a Poultry University. Will there be any lay members?

There is no truth in the rumour that Messrs. Christies arranged the rising in China.

'Tis strange, that when the rainy day comes, many put things up the spout.

Professor Barrett considers that the Etna discharges "come in cycles." They are certainly scorchers.

A Mrs. Whiting has given birth to triplets. Poor soul!

Mr. Asquith shows his hand, we read. No dummy.

Dresses the colour of toast, says a heading. Just the thing for tea gowns.

The first plate of the *Thunderer* has been laid. May it never be dished.

A robin has built her nest in a railway cart. She wanted her youngsters to be in the van.

It is reassuring to read that "The Naked Truth" is not a bare idea.

Heading: Mr. Asquith's definite pledge. Will it ever be redeemed?

A foreigner was recently fined for cutting off another's moustache. Taking property from under his nose.

We are told that the Unionist Party will encourage the growing of sugar. Not the first sweet promise.

Singing for health, we read. But a cure can often be had for a song.

Heading: Arrest while asleep. Usual thing.

"Yours is a paying game," said the customer. "It is indeed," responded the publican sadly. "Lloyd George sees to that."

The Sinner won a race at Hooton Park recently. One would expect a horse so named to come home last.

"Tariff Reform Means Commercial Sunshine," the *Express* tells us. But our merchants are getting tanned as it is.

"We are not living in easy days," says the Bishop of Southwell. Is he having a hard time of it?

"A Red Herring" was produced at the Court Theatre recently. We understand it went down all right.

"Why Beer Will Be Dearer," reads an *Express* headline. It couldn't be—to some.

"Who Shall Judge?" is the name of Silas Hocking's new novel. We won't.

A lorgnette which belonged to George Washington is to be given to Mr. Roosevelt. Not as a gentle reminder, we hope.

A Japanese play, "The Mirror," is to be given at the Adelphi. It ought to attract the fair sex.

"London is a wilderness," says Sir Dyce Duckworth. Certainly it is difficult to make your way there.

Holborn Council is substituting upright desks for the tables in the free library to prevent sleeping. A more judicious selection of the papers provided would be a better remedy.

"If you are a clerk, take care not to behave like a duke," says G. B. Shaw. In other words, don't be mean.

A cricket match to be played at Lord's next month will afford the unusual spectacle of a publisher trying to get an author "out" as quickly as he can.

"There are never more than two men alive that the world would be worse without," says Mr. E. Vernon. Who is the other?

An ideal bathing dress is wanted. Something less showy would be an improvement.

The Army Council has ordered officers to wear white cap covers. We understand the question of pinafores is under consideration.

"Baby Given Away By Its Mother," reads a headline. It is usually the other way about.

A family Bible was used as a hiding-place for betting slips at Sunderland. A very good place.

The vendors of nostrums for reducing stoutness ought to be happy; they live on the fat of the land.

"All laughter is not healthy," says Mr. Ernest Wall. Particularly when the man you laugh at is bigger than yourself.

The Admiralty has acquired a bull mastiff for duty at Gibraltar. We presume a notice, "Beware of the Dog," will be erected.

"The Girl with the Green Eyes" is the name of a forthcoming play. Evidently a jade.

"Three Magic Letters," reads a headline. £ s. d., no doubt.

Heard Island has been annexed on behalf of Great Britain. We hope it won't make a row.

The proposed golf match between the London and Southwark clergy ought to produce a really "good" game.

The burglar's life cannot be a happy one; he never sings at his work.

The idea of providing hammocks for beds, as a deterrent to tramps in workhouses, is being tried. The tramps will take it lying down.

The old custom of blessing the crops has been carried out at Edburton, Sussex. The ancient practice of cursing them will be performed by the farmers later on.

For Indigestion Sufferers

Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Headache and all *Liver* and *Stomach troubles instantly cured by*

MER-SYREN POWDERS.

Sold by Boot's, Lt., and all Chemists, 1/1½ & 2/9. Two stamps for *free sample*—17, Cockspur St., London, S.W.

10 Minutes Cure

Habit is Second Nature

—so, as you naturally wish to take care of your teeth, form the excellent habit of using

Calvert's Carbolic Tooth Powder

In tins, 6d., 1/- & 1/6; sprinkler jars, 1/- nett. For Free sample send 1d. stamp to F. C. Calvert & Co. (J. B. Dept.), Manchester.

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"JOHN BULL"

For a limited period, readers of "John Bull" who are troubled with grey or faded hair can obtain a large trial bottle of the wonderful **Junon Hair Stain**, post free, for **Sixpence**. According to letters constantly received from gratified customers the world over **Junon Hair Stain** is the *only* permanent and really satisfactory one-solution hair stain. It is absolutely harmless and is easily applied in one operation. Eight shades—Black, Dark Brown, Medium Brown, Chestnut, Golden Chestnut, Light Golden Chestnut, Golden, and Light Golden, or to match a clipping of your hair.

Orders dealt with in rotation, so write to-day, *stating shade required*, to **JUNON Ltd, 57, Marsham St, Westminster, S.W.**

J. E. & Co

GOVERNMENT and MUNICIPAL EXAMINATIONS.

Those desiring to qualify for Civil Service, or for Sanitary, Factory, Weights and Measures Inspectorships or as Lady Health Visitors, School Nurses, etc., should write for guide to Secretary, Sanitary Training College, 334, High Holborn, London.

CLOTHE YOURSELF ON THE INSTALMENT SYSTEM.

Suits Cut by Experts. Prices from 42s. Instalments 5s. monthly. Be measured at home. Full particulars, telling how, from the GOOD WEAR CO. (Dept. 33), 6, North Street, Quadrant, Brighton.

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You may Remit

as small a sum as

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But Your Profits

May be Absolutely

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We are recognised as the Largest and Financially the Strongest Firm of Stock and Share Dealers in the United Kingdom, for the very good reason that we have done more for Clients than any other.

Other firms do not inform the public week by week what they have paid away to Clients, as we do. The amount at the head of this page does not stand still, for the figure increases substantially every week.

We address ourselves to you as practical business people when we point out that Clients Make money. That is how we keep them. We only ask you to enquire into our Methods of Business, and we will explain to you all you may wish to know. The points, the business advantages which we offer you, and by which we claim to do more for you than any other firm, are below.

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Please forward me (as my name is not already on your book) full particulars of your methods and system of money-making, as well as a list of cheques, totalling £369,320, which you have paid clients acting on your advice and recommendations, together with a Search Form, so that I can verify any single cheque, or batch of cheques, that I may select.

J. B. 560

NAME .....
(State Rev., Mr., Mrs., Miss, or Title)

ADDRESS IN FULL .....

.....

(Please write distinctly.)

DATE.....

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JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of ENQUIRIES *received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag," and* ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc.*

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write names and addresses upon the back of their work. The Editor can accept no responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPES ARE SENT FOR THE PURPOSE. ALL MATTER SUBMITTED MUST BE ORIGINAL UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED.

The EDITOR *can express no opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china, pictures, coins, books, etc.*

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be sent in the first instance; if inspection of the originals is required, a request will be forwarded to that effect.*

G. F. (Kingsdown).—We are afraid that if we enlarged our paper and charged 2d. we mightn't have quite so many millions of readers. Why not buy two copies?

E. D. wants all laws to apply to every part of the United Kingdom, but surely there may be special circumstances in certain cases? Anyhow, votes are not all attracted in precisely the same way.

"LONG-SUFFERING" (Cardiff) points out that many British residents abroad have to pay income tax and are yet debarred from voting at elections. This is one of the many grievances which must be redressed one day.

D. L. M. wants to know whether Parsees have pink eyes. Also, whether a man has ever been arrested for splitting Bank of England notes. Anything else?

A. C. (Beckenham).—It is certainly hard luck that a man should lose his job for the terrible sin of "gambling" on Sunday.

E. D. (Chiswick) does not think much of King Manuel as an orator. Of course, all kings are illustrious and all queens virtuous. What a question!

H. A. H. (Albury) complains that employment agencies extort fees from those who can least afford to pay them.

C. F. (E. Finchley) says that "light and air will dispel the poisonous gases of Socialism and deal destruction to the virulent rodents who thrive in the darkness." He ought to join the staff of the *Daily Express*.

T. G. P. (Lewisham) asks if Chinese slavery has now been abolished in South Africa. Did it ever exist?

M. S. (Blackpool) asks for particulars of the Primrose Club (Park Place, St. James's), but why not write to the Secretary?

G. S. M. (Inverness).—"A seven-months-old still-born baby" sounds rather a curiosity.

D. M. (Edinburgh) wants a biscuit for a paper which referred to a woman of 43 as "young." But perhaps she was.

"FAIRPLAY" (London, W.C.) complains that law writers are being cut out by typists who receive the same pay though they work four times as quickly. But we do not see how Protection is to remedy this state of things.

G. A. (Newport).—A decimal coinage might be convenient, but we do not regard it as extraordinarily urgent.

W. L. (Dalston).—We do not see why advocates of relief for the unemployed should not make use of machinery.

J. H. S. (London, S.W.) gives details of the carelessness and stupidity of large West End firms with regard to precautions against fire.

"HAMPSHIRE" (London, S.E.) thinks he has made a wonderful discovery for benefiting British trade without recourse to tariffs or Protection. All we have to do is to persuade everybody in this country to refuse to buy foreign articles. British wine for ever!

P. B. (Stockport).—Yes, no doubt Socialists would like to tax land, workshops, etc., until the State alone could afford to own them. The President of Nicaragua tried a similar game which enriched him for a time, but now he has had to climb down.

H. W. B. (Luton) enquires whether it is true that the present Lord Nelson has received a pension of £5,000 per annum for 67 years "because he had a father, who had an uncle, who had a brother named Horatio Nelson." We do not defend pepetual pensions, but they are, at any rate, a tax upon posterity who presumably benefit from national victories, whereas the present system of making large money grants imposes a hard burden upon contemporaries.

"REMOS" (Islington) suggests that we should start a regular Sunday evening service somewhere in London, taking our text from JOHN BULL'S unwritten Bible, Common Sense. We presume it would not be necessary to wear a surplice.

"CHAIRMAN" (Harrogate).—There is no hard and fast rule regulating the proceedings at public meetings, nor is there any statute referring to the matter—it is entirely one of custom, the Standing Orders of Parliament being usually adopted as a guide.

N. B. (Wednesbury).—The Weidhaas Hygienic Institute is one of the best of its kind.

N. C. (London).—We cannot take upon ourselves the responsibility of telling you of any place in the City where you could have parcels of jewellery addressed to you, but Jim Crow says he will be pleased to receive them free of charge.

A. F. M. (Seven Kings).—We know nothing of ex-Inspector Drew's alleged discovery of the ladies' club "in which some prominent members of society were involved."

J. L. K. (London, W.).—We do not mind your posting letters to Peers and members of the Cabinet, but do spare us!

A. C. (Penge) sends a mysterious narrative about a bookmaker and a newsagent and an old friend, but we should want more facts before we ran the risk of a libel action.

(*Continued on page 758*)

DON'T BE TOO LATE!

25,000 6d. Packets of CHOCOLATE FREE for Purchasers of Suchard's "Ibis" Cocoa.

Send at once if you would secure one of the few remaining packets.

Knowing that Suchard's IBIS Cocoa need only be tried once to be used always, the manufacturers have decided to present, gratis and post-free, a sixpenny packet of one of their well-known Chocolates ("Velma," "Milka," or "Milnut") *to every fresh purchaser* of a ½-lb. tin of "Ibis" Cocoa. This offer is made solely for the purpose of introducing to anyone not yet acquainted with Suchard's Specialities a Cocoa and a Chocolate of superlative excellence.

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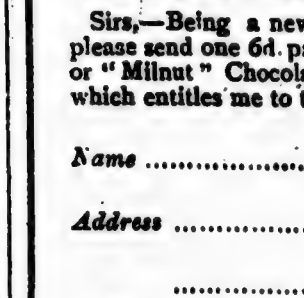

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Attach this disc to the coupon below which, after being filled up, should be sent to Messrs. Suchard, 33, King William St. London, E.C. A disc from ½lb. or 1lb. tin will do equally well.

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*Certainly the greatest achievement in chocolate yet. In "Velma" one gets the real chocolate flavour. It tastes of nothing but chocolate. Until you have tried "Velma" you cannot really know how delicious chocolate—*real *chocolate—can be.*

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Combining the purest Chocolate with genuine Swiss Milk, "Milka" possesses all the good points of other Milk Chocolates but it has this special advantage, it does not cloy in the palate.

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A chocolate with a most delicious hazelnut flavour. This speciality has only recently been on the market, but has already achieved a striking success. It is a characteristic "Suchard" sweet—toothsome, nutritious, and absolutely pure.

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Cross out the brand not chosen. "J.B." 21/5/10

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Just try any one of the following perfect blends if you wish to experience real pleasure from your pipe.

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Cool, Fragrant, and absolutely Pure.

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Blended from the finest leaf procurable.

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AN OPPORTUNITY

is now offered, which, after a few years development, should mean a big **increase in income** for 30 or 40 years to the lucky investors who join at once.

£ The £1 Ordinary Shares are being sold at par, and the 1/- Founders at 5/- each. If you would like Illustrated Particulars write at once to £

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The St. Cecile Municipal Casino Co.,
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They act as a TONIC to the whole SYSTEM.

THE TRUE TEST of the value of a remedy lies in its permanent curative effects.
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Of all Chemists (in square green packet), 1/1½, 2/9 per box.

FOR BILIOUS AND LIVER COMPLAINTS.

"PIEKRAP" (Smithfield).—Your views are refreshing if not very original. Have a small ginger ale!

W. Z. (Australia) wants to know where he can find employment in Australia as a pipe-maker. Why not try Melbourne?

"PHYSIC" (London, S.W.).—We do not recommend any "self-educator."

R. G. M. (Hull) thinks the employment of foreigners on British ships is responsible for unemployment at home.

"TEKRAM" solicits our gratitude because he uses JOHN BULL for packing purposes. This is indeed a novel compliment.

A. L. A. D. (Delph).—Statistics of the Suez Canal are scarcely of general interest. We suppose it would soon be blocked in the event of a great war.

T. G. T. (Everton) sends us the following bit of toffee:—"Had you appeared twenty years ago, I think the millennium would have dawned ere this." Problem: to ascertain now by simple arithmetic when its special settlement is due.

"ALICK" (Bethnal Green).—The words "not adopted" under the name of a street doubtless mean that the Borough Council exercised a veto. Down with them!

C. F. R. (Wolverhampton).—No, we don't need to give our readers insurance coupons. We prefer to insure that they shall enjoy good articles instead of the product of scissors and paste.

H. S. (Leyton).—We are afraid that your idea of a 5s. poll-tax would not be very popular. Most of us prefer to tax the rich.

R. W. I. (Bournemouth) wants us to read a book on phthisis, but our consumption is already large.

B. v. T. D. (Witley) wants to know whether the top part of a wheel travels faster than the lower. Sometimes.

A. O. D. (Liscard) read that a man "pawned all this lady's money," and wants us to bestow a biscuit. We are informed that money is sometimes pawned for safe custody, but we do not know at what rate of interest.

J. B. (Hampstead) says it is "a pity we have not a Lueger who would rescue the Liberal party from the Semitic traitors who have suborned and captured it." Well, the name *Lueger* was pretty freely applied at the last elections by both parties.

A. J. L. (Leicester) complains that the caretaker of a cemetery prevented him from trundling a perambulator there. So he will have to choose a more cheerful field for his perambulations.

K. L. P. (Hinderwell).—It certainly sounds strange to advertise a grey wig and an old lady among "household oddments." Did you make a bid?

"HARD-UPPE" quotes Shakespeare: "There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper." Quite prophetic: there are.

C. T. (New Cross).—Having taken unskilled work would not disqualify you for applying to the Labour Exchanges for employment in your old trade. Good luck!

P. W. (Poulton) makes fun of obesity cures and wonders what precautions patients take to prevent their clothes slipping off when out walking.

A. B. (Hexham) assures us that "the fiscal question is of the greatest possible *importance*," and he sends us seven pages of his views, which are reserved for our next Christmas number.

S. W. (York) complains that co-operative stores pay no income-tax, and thinks that private traders are cheaper.

R. E. (Reading) says we are read by Ritualists as well as Unionists. Of course.

"A TYPIST" says that if children were better brought up there would be fewer Suffragettes going about the country and trying to smack Cabinet Ministers faces. There might also be fewer Cabinet Ministers.

J. A. (London, N.W.) is very angry with Anti-Semites, and especially with a Mr. Banister who wrote a very rude book.

T. F. B. (Natal) observes that as he was born in Hackney he cannot be altogether a savage or devoid of intellect. We admit the force of the argument. He assures us that the lot of the black man in South Africa leaves little to be desired.

F. C. (London, E.C.).—We are very sorry for you, but we cannot go into old charges of drunkenness even though they did cost you your medals.

"A JOHN BULL LEAGUER" (London, W.) has had a bet about the comparative width of Princes Street, Edinburgh, and Sackville Street, Dublin. We should have thought it depended on the potency of the national whiskies.

W. H. (Stoke Newington).—We have no knowledge of Mr. Chamberlain being fined for smuggling cigars in France. No doubt he would call that retaliation.

G. H. (Herne Hill) sends us a quotation from a sermon in Brixton about "dear old Oliver Cromwell." Most kill-joys love his memory.

G. A. D. (Westminster) wants baby farmers to be treated as murderers.

T. E. C. (Dublin) wants to secure a position abroad as tutor of English or companion to an invalid gentleman. The best jobs of that kind are to be obtained in Russia, and he might write for advice to the British Consul in Moscow or St. Petersburg.

"DESIROUS" (Nottingham) paid £40 to a publisher to bring out a novel, but it has not yet appeared. If she will give us the name of the publisher we will make further enquiries, but we do not undertake to read the novel.

C. H. B. (Leytonstone) enquires about the Legion of Scouts which he says is run by Mr. A. A. Ames, of Pentonville.

MR. O. B. CHURCH, of Emsworth—late Mr. Oliver Bridge Churchyard—tells us he is not, and has never been, a provision merchant, or connected with the provision trade, and that his name has been curtailed for "commercial reasons."

Mr. A. H. WELLER, the Auditor of the Society for the Assistance of Ladies in Reduced Circumstances, sends us particulars of how that item of £470 2s. 1d. for postage, etc., upon which we recently commented is made up. £321 16s. was in respect of "postage for appeals," and £136 1s. 10d. for "general postage, carriage on parcels and clothing, etc., to poor ladies" and "commission on postal orders." The Postmaster-General seems to be the chief beneficiary of the Society.

The Editor desires to thank the numerous readers who have written congratulating him upon the result of recent proceedings in the Law Courts. He hopes now to get a short breather.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

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An Amusing and Realistic Poem, ENTITLED—

"A Spanking Dream"

(The Dream of a Militant Suffragette?)

She dreams that a "new law" has been hurriedly passed by a "harassed" Premier to suppress the Suffragette movement. (The nature of the alarming "new law" is indicated in the title.)

She is unfortunate enough to be captured by the police, tried "in camera," and escorted to a cell to receive punishment! She does not submit without a desperate, yet unavailing, struggle with the police officers.—("But in the end I found myself across the sergeant's knee!")

The struggle, and the infliction of the "spanking"—(after being duly "prepared")—are shown in the Poem! Secure this for Suffragette friends.

PRICE 7d. (Send P.O., not Stamps.)

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Dear Sirs,—It is almost impossible for me to describe this wonderful relief which the PLASTER-PADS gave me after suffering with a cruel rupture for over eight years. I am glad to say that I do not feel the slightest movement of the rupture even when exerting or heavy lifting, and I feel convinced that the PLASTER-PADS have succeeded where trusses and truss treatments failed. Please use this letter for the benefit of other sufferers.—Gratefully yours, CHARLES COUCHMAN.

STUART'S PLASTER-PADS are different from the painful truss, and being self-adhesive they hold the rupture in place without straps, buckles, or springs—cannot slip so cannot chafe or press against the pelvic bone. The pads contain a wonderful medicine which is kept constantly in contact, thereby curing the most obstinate cases. Thousands have successfully treated themselves without hindrance from work and in the privacy of the home. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive. Write to-day, and "Trial Treatment" with interesting book will be sent free.—Address: STUART PLASTER-PAD CO. Dpt P.24-67, Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

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The Newman St. Furniture and Antique Depositories (Ltd.),

offer a fresh lot of goods, as below, for immediate sale privately, without any reserve, just removed from Cambridge House, Regent's Park; 7, Connaught Place, Hyde Park; Russell Square, Bayswater, Raynes Park, Milford Haven, and elsewhere. Any article can be stored free for 12 months, and can be purchased separately and delivered in town or country free of all charge. Good opportunity for dealers, boarding-house keepers, connoisseurs, and those requiring good secondhand furniture at less than one-fourth its value. The drawing-room furniture, which is almost new, comprises, amongst other things, French-gilt Louis XIV. drawing-room suite upholstered in silk, designed by Monsieur Watteau, of Paris, worth 80 guineas, accept 29 guineas; a unique satinwood drawing-room suite, comprising cabinet with drawers enclosed, centre table, overmantel, Empire settee, two lounge chairs and six occasional chairs, all upholstered in French silk, accept 23 guineas, worth treble; Chippendale design drawing-room suite, 10 guineas; also Sheraton design set, 12 guineas; two Chesterfields, upholstered in a fine art tapestry, convertible ends, one 49s. and the other 69s.; 5ft. stuffover settee with rounded ends, upholstered in flowered silk, on turn gilt legs and casters, 6 guineas; six divan club easy chairs, 22s. each; 10 pretty and exquisite design occasional drawing-room chairs, 8s. each; very fine old Dutch inlaid cabinet, two elegant Vernis Martin cabinets, two buhl cabinets (fully inlaid), French writing bureau, and a magnificent specimen cabinet fitted with glass doors, grand piano by Broadwood, 15 guineas; also grand piano by Collard and Collard, 12 guineas; a magnificent instrument by Gustav Richter, £14; and a fine tone piano, £19; grand piano by C. Bechstein, no offer refused if reasonable; a brilliant tone, full-compass, iron frame, trichord boudoir grand pianoforte, in rosewood case, on fluted legs, by Steinway and Sons; American organ; piano player, by Hardman; almost new, very massive square pillar all-brass bedstead, full size, with pure hair mattress, etc., from 69s.; an Italian square brass tube bedstead, 3 guineas; black and brass bedstead, 39s.; 10 most massive and elaborate bedroom suites in Heppelwhite, Queen Anne, Chippendale, Sheraton, ash, white enamel, oak, etc., from 79s. each; ebonised show cabinets with carved boxwood panels, 6ft. mahogany wardrobe, fitted rail, 10 pegs, bonnet drawer, two sliding trays, five long and two short drawers, silvered glass centre, two panel doors, 3 guineas; 4ft. Spanish mahogany chest of four long drawers, shape top, with column support on plinth, £3 10s.; mahogany shaving stand with adjustable circular mirror, 25s.; 3ft. 6in. birch washstand, 10s.; Sheraton design bedroom suite, 6 guineas; large-size, fully inlaid suite, 10 guineas, and one at 15 guineas; three old antique chests, two tallboy chests, two very fine satinwood bedroom suites inlaid with kingwood, etc., with cheval glasses to match, 6ft. Sheraton design bedroom suite, 25 guineas, worth 60 guineas; mahogany cheval glass, 3 guineas; 3ft. mahogany robe, two bedside tables, etc., the dining, library, and reception furniture, comprises an elaborate carved oak dining-room set, consisting of two Elizabethan design carved oak chairs, six small chairs to match; most elegant and massive carved oak sideboard with bevel plate-glass back, extending dining table, all to match, six very fine specimens of reproduction of Chippendale chairs upholstered in crimson leather, also Sheraton design set, Heppelwhite set, a very fine Queen Anne dining-room set, 8 guineas; mahogany-frame, high back, open armchair, upholstered in crimson leather, 3 guineas; stuffover couch, upholstered in crimson morocco, 4 guineas; mahogany-frame, open armchair in morocco, £2 15s.; six walnut-frame dining chairs, seats upholstered en suite, 6 guineas; two oak bookcases, a morning-room suite in solid oak, comprising oak Welsh dresser, with copper fitments, and a William and Mary design suite upholstered in red leather, table, overmantel, all to match, accept 13 guineas; 6ft. 6in. oak sideboard, 4ft. chiffonniere, 5ft. walnut dining table (seven leaves), 4ft. 6in. grain walnut writing table, ormolu clock, a real Chippendale corner cupboard, three dining tables, opening to 16ft., from 69s.; mahogany dinner wagon, a convertible billiard dining table, with balls, cues, etc., and old oak coffer, two grandfather clocks, chiming on tubes, striking mantel clock by Leroy et Fils, Paris, with compensated movement, brass and ormolu dial, in ebonised glazed case, 26in. high; morocco Chesterfield and two club easys to match; the Wilton pile, maroon and figured buff ground and bordered carpet, 15ft. 9ins. by 17ft. Turkey and Persian carpets, fine specimens, also Axminster, Brussels, and other carpets, from 29s. each; about 16 pairs very fine silk curtains and mantel drapery to match, a rare collection of china, including a very fine Wedgwood dessert service, Dresden coffee service, etc., collection of fine old silver and Sheffield plate in Georgian and other designs; canteen of silver, 109 pieces, 7 guineas; two very fine sets of English-cut table glass, large quantity of bed and table linen; curtains, etc.; some rare oil and water-colour paintings and engravings, several pieces of plate by Mappin and Webb; two-plated candelabras and three pairs candlesticks, some very fine and unique bear and tiger skins, mounted as rugs, full heads, 10 cases of wines, assorted; very fine cigar cabinet; Parisian Victoria, miniature brougham, and two motor-cars, two wine bins, etc. All can be seen, and are being sold, without any reserve, every day, from nine to nine, except Saturdays, when we close at seven, at

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is a personality in racing circles, who has been identified with the turf for upwards of 40 years.

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is to merit the eulogies of the whole of the sporting fraternity by honest consideration of their interest and straightforward dealings with them in every respect.

INSPIRED AND EXCLUSIVE INTELLIGENCE!!!
The success of "GALE'S SPECIAL" is universally appreciated. Upon every hand one continually hears of benefits received by sportsmen who have participated in our information. So important has been the impression created in sporting circles generally that the intelligence sent out by us is regarded by those best calculated to form an authoritative judgment as nothing less than inspired.

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In order that you may give "GALE'S SPECIAL" a fair trial, if you will send us a Postal Order for 10s. 6d. we will send you all copies of the paper for thirteen weeks, all private letters sent out, and next Saturday's Two-Horse Telegram free of charge. Take our advice and this opportunity and write to-day.

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It will be admitted on every hand that this is the most amazing offer ever placed before the sporting public, but our phenomenal success places us in the unique position of being able to deal generously with good sportsmen. Don't neglect this opportunity, but be wise in time and secure for yourself financial independence. WE GUARANTEE THE WIRE!

ARE YOU PROFITING???
or losing by your present speculations on the turf? If the latter, are you content to remain where you are? If so, this will not appeal to you, but if you are really anxious to improve your financial position, you will do well to observe that it is by the application of knowledge alone that you can do it.

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A glance at our record is sufficient to demonstrate conclusively the success we have hitherto attained, and to indicate that the fame of "GALE'S SPECIAL" has been achieved by merit alone. WON'T YOU SHARE OUR SUCCESS?

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have contained the most startling and exclusive information ever placed before the racing public. Our Tattersall's Ring Wires have given:—

Saturday, May 7th	(NO RACING).	
Saturday, April 30th	NIGHT RIDER	Won
	MARAJAX	Won
Saturday, April 23rd	GRIMBET	Won
	PRICOTA	Won
Saturday, April 16th	GALLEON	Won
	SYCE	Won
Saturday, April 9th	ABATTE	Won
	Queen Beauty Colt	Second

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is certain, sound, trustworthy, and exclusive information.

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TEN POUNDS FOR TWELVE GUARANTEED WINNERS.
TWELVE WINNERS FOR TEN POUNDS.
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THREE POUNDS FOR TEN. THREE POUNDS FOR TEN.
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TWO-HORSE WIRES!!! ONE POUND PER WEEK!
TWO-HORSE WIRES!!! ONE POUND PER WEEK!
TWO-HORSE WIRES!!! ONE POUND PER WEEK!

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THE TWO BEST THINGS OF THE DAY!!!

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The result of the marvellous success we have to record day after day has been an unprecedented and almost incredible demand for "GALE'S SPECIAL" and we are daily being bombarded with enquiries from sporting men who desire to share the benefits of our exclusive information.

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"GALE'S SPECIAL," among other winners, has sent out this season SLIEVE ROE, POWDER PUFF, RED SHAH, DESMOND'S PRIDE, THEO BOLD, OLD CHINA, SALAMET, ANGLICUS, BLACK PLUM, SEISDON SQUIRE, MUSHROOM, CORINTHIAN, STOLEN KISS, etc., etc., etc.

LET US HELP YOU!!!
It is our business to make friends, and we like the man who feels he can take the responsibility of recommending us. WE CAN HELP YOU! Be practical and consult us! "GALE'S SPECIAL" has at command accurate and expert intelligence, and this may be yours. If you are really desirous of securing a big coup, the opportunity is NOW!

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RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA.
("*Larry Lynx*" *of* THE PEOPLE, *and* "*Magpie*" *of* THE GLOBE.)

A Real Jockey.

One of the very much neglected jockeys is H. Pike, who is a fine horseman, as he has proved just lately. He can do a handy weight, and when riding for Lord Carnarvon's stable showed how capable he was in handling anything made the medium of a big gamble.

The South African Maher.

It is very gratifying to hear of the continued success of little Frank Hardy, whose retainer from Mr. F. O. Boys ended last month, but has been renewed. Little Hardy, in face of very natural rivalry from some of the "crack" jockeys, with whom he holds his own, has made good headway, having ridden 20 winners since last August. He recently did the hat trick, included in his successes being the important Merchants' Handicap, at Johannesburg, for Mr. Abe Bailey, upon Abelard.

English Successes.

White Match, who was such a big failure here last season, has very quickly earned his purchase-money in South Africa, running a dead-heat for a £200 race over 7 furlongs in a very big field, starting at 6 to 1. Some of the other exportations, Dr. Dillon, the galloway Sanctuary II., and particularly Malines, have all done well. The latter, selected by "Qui Vive" of the *Natal Advertiser* for the Hon. C. G. Smith, and picked up here for a very small sum, has just been sold for a big figure, after showing good form on the race track.

A Mistake.

The tendency nowadays is to take the weight off the backs of two-year-olds by making the weights in races 8 st. 3 lbs. for colts and 8 st. for fillies and geldings, or by reducing them to about 8 st. by certain selling or other allowances. This must be a mistake, as nothing requires *more* delicate handling or the assistance of the senior jockeys, such as Saxby, Dillon, Maher, etc., than young thoroughbred stock, especially in their first races. Moreover, the jockeys themselves have ground for complaint, as already in handicaps their opportunities are curtailed sufficiently without making these standard weight events at such a poundage that they cannot be employed.

Cramped Odds.

We often see funny returns and realise that the bookmakers don't "give much away," but I never recall more amusing prices than those quoted at the Huntingdon meeting recently. In one case it was "evens" each of two, with 3, 4 and 5 to 1 laid against other horses. In another race the favourite was at 6 to 4, two others at 2 to 1, one at 3 to 1, and the "outsider" at 4 to 1. Another favourite, who fortunately won, was at 2 to 1, with 3 to 1 each of three others. An even money favourite also won, but had very strong market rivals, seeing that 2 to 1 was taken about each of two, 4 to 1 two others, 5 to 1 two more, 6 to 1 and 8 to 1 the next four, with 10 to 1 the rest.

Newmarket in Favour.

I have even heard it suggested that there should be racing every alternate week at Newmarket, for it means peaceful sport and a literal rest to the great majority of the active forces. There is no comparison as regards bustle and work between a Newmarket week, or one at Epsom or Ascot, or other big fixtures which involve rush and travelling. Moreover the great majority of the trainers reside at Newmarket, and can therefore attend to their business properly, which is impossible when they need to be in Manchester one day, in Bath the next, and probably at a metropolitan meeting the end of the same week. Pressmen, and in fact everybody whose business racing is, would be benefited, while the suggestion entirely follows what is done in other countries where most of the sport is held at one particular venue. This is the case to a great extent in France, Germany, Austria, South Africa, Australia, and particularly S. America, while in some parts of the United States the meeting lasts for a month or more with regular racing days at intervals, so that the entire forces migrate and live for a time on the spot. The enfire stable with all its horses is taken, kept and trained at that particular rendezvous. It is certainly a great saving of time and trouble, and enormously so as regards expense. It would be impossible to urge anything disadvantageous to the plan, but everything conceivable in its favour.

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SHEFFIELD,
July 11th, 1909.

DEAR SIR,—I may say that your system appears to me the best and most sensible one that I have yet come across, and I can assure you that I have tried a few.—Yours,
J. B.

In a later letter dated July 14th, this gentleman says:—

"You can refer any prospective clients to me. I shall only be too glad to report on the system."

This gentleman again writes on July 19th, as follows:—

I have tried all the advertised systems, but yours is the "last word" in systems. Wishing you the best of luck and hoping for some more like PEACH and KROONSTAD.—Yours respectfully,
J. B.

ANLABY ROAD, HULL,
August 22nd, 1909.

DEAR SIR,—I enclose you herewith P.O. for a series of your System Wires. I have one more wire to receive before the series of five is complete. DIAMOND STUD, 6 to 1, was all right. Good luck to you, Mr. Allen. There are lots of so-called champions and racing experts knocking about, but being in touch with you, your information and your wonderful method is like being on board a modern *Dreadnought*; with you, one is perfectly safe.—Yours gratefully,
G. H.

P.S.—I should like to shake hands with you, and if ever I'm in London I shall take the liberty of calling upon you.—G. H.

I see no earthly reason why you should not follow my DAILY SYSTEM WIRES. You must have a good Turf Adviser if you want to make racing pay, so why not follow the man who has studied racing and systems all his life, the man who desires to see you win; for in your success lies his own success.

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